



Wherein an appeal is made to the Gipper--

GIVE US OUR COOL!

By S. C. Pelletiere

Provincial taste in film differs from that of the city. In rural America there is an ingrained bias—perhaps Bible-taught—toward loyalty. This habit of constancy insures enduring interest in the Stars. Irene Dunne in retirement did not lose the affection of her fans, nor did Dennis Morgan or Gabby Hayes or Buster Crabbe. In the South, Mid- and Southwest, audiences pay to view old-time movie stars once more, and in Hollywood a segment of the industry is devoted to producing vehicles for ancient actors. These films are called "whatever-happened-to's."

What a classic "whatever-happened-to" film could be made with Ronald Reagan. "Major Reagan at Fort Diablo," it might be called, or "The Passionate Indian Summer" or "Rebellion of the Plains People." Perhaps Reagan's actor-backers would take part, and then we'd see the basis of the candidate's appeal. For such a film would constitute a retrospective showing of typical American attitudes. John Wayne, Jimmy Cagney, Andy Devine, Fred MacMurray, Walter Pidgeon, Mary Pickford—All Reagan's theatrical supporters have in common the rare ability to epitomize Americanness.

Cagney's gesture of shooting

his cuffs while cinching his waist typified America's rage over the depression of the 1930's. Wayne's "gung-ho," over-the-tops pose said all there was about Americans' attitude toward war, fighting and death. Irene Dunne's lace-curtain-Irishness hypostatized the bourgeois yearning of American women to move up from the old neighborhood.

These "movie greats" were household gods. More, they represented our "cool" of decades past. Muddling through wasn't enough; an American had to get on. He needed style to move ahead. The place to find it was in movie houses where, in secret dark, one might con the ways of Jimmy Stewart when that particular brand of shy bashfulness was the vogue. Later on, when ebullience became the thing, we substituted Fred Astaire with his Mr. Peanut Jauntiness, wildly tilted skimmer, and pattering feet.

Americans got their cool like suits off a plain pipe rack: Were a man tall, thin and rangy, he played Gary Cooper; husky, hirsute and rough as hewn timber—Clark Gable. Crucial was finding a face one could present to life in all its turns of fortune, good times and bad...

Perhaps, more specifically, these acquired poses supplied a means of taking a beat, of insur-

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ing one would not be taken off guard. When The Girl stood ready—apparently—to be kissed, it was convenient to act out Fred MacMurray's wide-eyed, jittery Dagwood tremor. This provided not merely the necessary interval in which to assess the situation (Does she really want me to embrace her? Do I dare?) but a hint to The Girl of one's emotions. She, seeing one ape MacMurray, might play Jeanne Crain, thus signalling her acquiescence.

But the Old Order's true ideal

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Next Issue

Complete coverage of the San Francisco Film Festival, with reviews by movie critic Beth Coffelt, will be featured.

SLOUGHS!

Leslie Salt Co. will gain 458 acres of sloughs; the public of California will gain virtually nothing in complicated land swap proceeding quietly between Leslie and the State Lands Commission.

By Bruce B. Brugmann

What amounts to a giveaway of hundreds of acres of sloughlands, ultimately worth millions of dollars, will be concluded quietly in three South Bay counties if a proposed transfer of land titles is approved next month, as scheduled, between the Leslie Salt Co. and the State Lands Commission.

The proceedings are immensely complicated and have been kept beneath wraps for months by Leslie and the commission. Simply stated, the transfer amounts to this: At least 458 acres of slough land will be removed from the public domain and handed to Leslie.

Ostensibly, the transfer is to settle title and boundary questions between Leslie and the commission, but actually it is to promote, as a commission staff

memorandum states, "the orderly development" of Leslie's extensive bayland holdings in the South Bay.

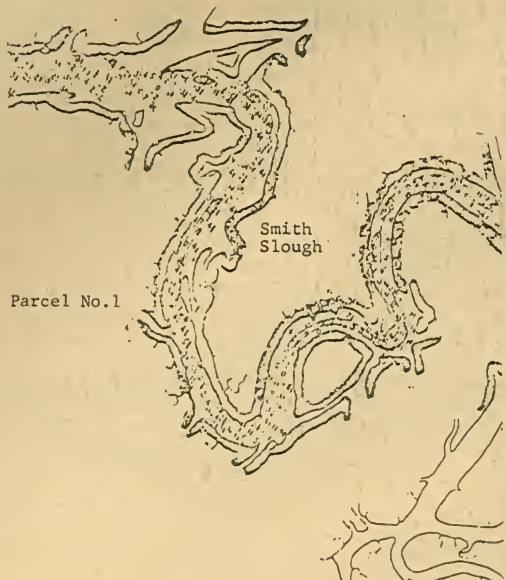
THESE ARE the main conclusions of an investigation by The Guardian staff into what many conservationists consider one of the trickiest bits of legerdemain at bayside since the legislature parceled out the bay in the 1870's and 1880's as if it were bread and fishes and Judge John S. Hager, a former U.S. senator and state legislator, stood before a constitutional convention in 1881 and recounted "the mischief" in the sale of baylands.

"The same deviltry that has been going on in the past may go on in the future," he said in his preroration.

This reporter talked with attorneys who had investigated the proposed transfer for contiguous

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FROM:
U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY
Register No. 2412
Surveyed May 26 to September 2nd, 1898



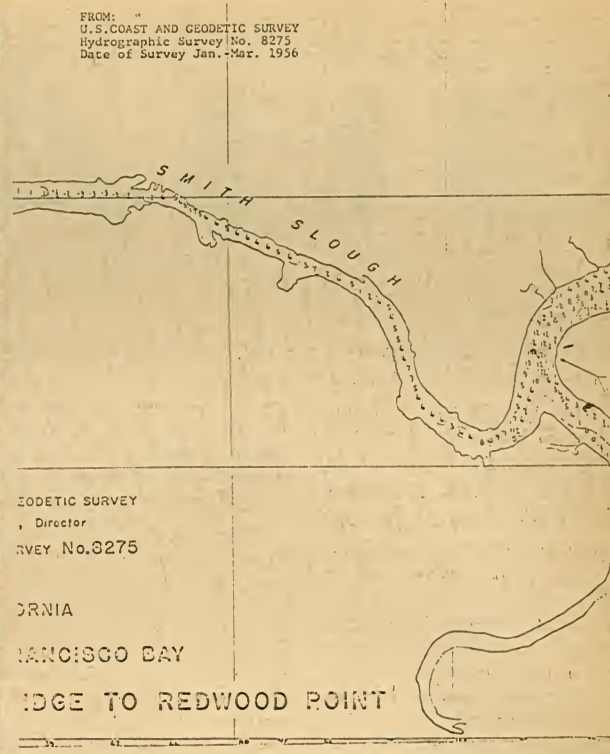
Going . . .

Smith Slough, a tortuous waterway within sight of the Bayshore freeway in Redwood City, is a classic example of how a publicly owned slough can be decimated. In the first panel from left, the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey shows in 1898 a navigable loop in the slough with soundings of five and six feet. Many old-timers in Redwood City, like Bert Werder, remember sailing the slough. The middle panel, an aerial photo, shows the loop in the slough as it now exists: behind dikes and beneath a salt pond of the Leslie Salt Co. Some time after 1931, according to a year-by-year study of hydrographic



Going . . .

maps, the loop was diked and converted from an open waterway to a salt pond by Leslie or another party. The third panel shows the slough, straight and narrow, on a 1956 hydrographic map. A total of about 39 acres of slough land was thus lost to fishing, navigation and public use. The whole section shown in the aerial photo is known as Salt Pond A-12 and, conservationists were amused to note, was offered by Leslie last January as its donation of 100 acres toward a state college site to anchor its Redwood Shores residential development.



Gone . . .

"The same deviltry . . . going on in the past may go on in the future"

Continued from Page 1—

property owners and for conservationists, checked U. S. Coast and Geodetic hydrographic survey maps dating back to 1858 and Commodore Allen, examined aerial photos of Leslie slough lands and questioned commission and Leslie officials.

Information was difficult to come by. Leslie referred all queries to the commission, and commission officials, including F. J. Hortig, executive officer, provided only vague details. Attorneys and others checking the transfer spent months shuttling between commission offices in Los Angeles, San Diego, and Sacramento, and Leslie offices in Newark, before they could get minimal information and such things as metes and bounds descriptions and a parcel-by-parcel breakdown of appraisal figures.

Despite the information gap, it became apparent to the Guardian that there was "deviltry" afoot in this proposed transfer of land titles. Here's why:

UNDER THE proposed transfer, Leslie and the Lands commission would exchange titles of 2041 acres of sloughs, valued at \$4,039,550, in San Mateo, Santa Clara and Alameda Counties. Leslie would deed the state 1551 acres of "navigable sloughs," valued at \$2,869,350. The state would quit-claim or regrant, 458 acres of smaller, "non-navigable" sloughs, valued at \$1,170,200. An exchange of titles is necessary because the state cannot give away titles but must exchange titles for land of equal value.

The point is that Leslie alone would benefit by the transfer. Leslie is giving nothing to the state that the state did not already have title to (that is, the navigable sloughs). On the other hand, the state is deeding to Leslie some valuable smaller sloughs (which will become more valuable as Leslie develops its holdings). Many of these sloughs once were navigable.

The no longer navigable sloughs, such as a portion of Smith Slough within sight of Bayshore Freeway in Redwood City, have been made "non-navigable" by filling or diking by Leslie or other parties.

Many oldtimers in Redwood City remember sailing down the portion of Smith Slough that now lies beneath a Leslie salt pond. The diked-off portions plainly can be seen from the air and in aerial photos. ("You can't kill a slough," a yachtsman told the Guardian, "because it's too dark and too deep.")

Yet, despite the fact that this slough once was navigable and a part of the public domain, it is one of many that would be deeded to Leslie in the transfer. Other once-navigable sloughs, such as portions of Belmont Slough off Belmont, or Flood Slough along Marsh Road in Menlo Park, have been classed administratively as non-navigable, and are not included in the transfer. The Guardian was unable to determine how many.

THIS REPORTER showed Hortig the aerial photo (on this page) detailing the diked portions of Smith Slough. Hortig admitted that once it was navigable, and had been diked by Leslie for use as salt ponds. About a third of the total, 150 acres, of state grants to Leslie would fall in this diked-up category, he said.

Hortig contended, as he did at the one public hearing on the transfer in January, 1965, that the state originally had title to all navigable sloughs and that, according to statute and opinions of the attorney general, the state never had the authority to sell them. However, Hortig insisted that the early maps described only the perimeter of land grants. The grants didn't specifically exempt sloughs, and private interests like Leslie have claimed some of them and counties have levied taxes on them.

From Leslie's point of view, this argument has merit and it has been used by the company in pushing its slough claims since 1959 when a special act of the legislature, enacted on Leslie's behalf, authorized the exchange.

(The legislation, interestingly, didn't specify a trade between the state and Leslie, but mentioned only "certain privately-owned lands in San Francisco Bay southerly of latitude 37° 40' in Alameda, Santa Clara and San Mateo Counties." Again, the legislation kept the specifics under wraps by saying that a notice of intention to make the ex-

change "need not particularly describe the lands or the interest therein proposed to be exchanged but shall refer to the maps and records on file with the commission for a detailed description thereof . . ."

(THE VAGUENESS of the notice, and the difficulty in getting specific information, first raised suspicions among South Bay conservationists and planners when it surfaced quietly about two years ago. The commission then was reluctant to hold a public hearing, but was forced to do so by publicity in the Redwood City Tribune.

(Leslie's 1959 legislation coincided with its move to annex 4,300 or so acres of baylands to Redwood City and lay the groundwork for a special Leslie-oriented assessment district. That the exchange of titles was aimed at facilitating Leslie development was made clear by a commission staff memo that said:

("Many diking, filling, dredging and other related reclamation and navigation projects that would enhance the value of the south San Francisco Bay area cannot be seriously considered because of the uncertain state of titles. If these clouds are removed, the foundation will have been laid for much needed development in this vicinity.")

From the public's point of view, the Hortig/Leslie argument runs into constitutional and legal snags.

From 1850 to 1909, California had statutes permitting the state to grant tidelands to private parties. Leslie presumably received title, by perimeter description, to all of its 43,000 acres of South Bay holdings during this period. The question is whether these patents conveyed any rights in or underlying navigable waterways within the perimeter areas.

Some court decisions support the Leslie/Hortig case, but there is also a landmark case, "People vs. California Fish Co.," which holds that it is illegal to fill navigable waterways except to improve navigation. The grantee takes title subject to public easements for navigation and fishing, the court ruled.

"TIDELANDS BELONG to the state in its sovereign capacity and are held in trust for the pur-

poses of navigation and fishery, a right held by the people," the court said.

The point was made again on Mar. 15, 1951, when the state intervened in a lawsuit in Santa Clara county where the City of San Jose sued to condemn some tidelands in which Leslie and the state claimed an interest. In its petition, the state reiterated that it owned all baylands "lying in the bed of tidal waterways" and that "neither the whole nor any portion thereof has ever been conveyed out of ownership of defendant, nor has defendant's title thereto at any time been other than continuous since Sept. 9, 1850."

Even the notice of Leslie's title exchange said the state "asserts title to all of the sloughs and channels within the area of the proposed transaction that were, or are, navigable in fact or were navigable in fact or were declared so by the State Legislature."

If the state's title has been

Ronald Reagan

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is Ronald Reagan, a child of the Middle West who appeals to immigrants to California from the Middle West. In these times of stress, the dark uncertainty of which is so harrowing, a nervous electorate needs a familiar face, that of the Boy Next Door. How would "The Gipper" handle Black Power? Why, he'd invite those fellows (the Black Activists) in and, if they behaved themselves, make friends. But if they started booby-trapping the davenport or talking filth in front of the missus—Why, he'd send 'em packing, you bet.

THERE ARE so many strange winds blowing today. Black Power! The Sexual Revolution! How is a man to react to Genet? or a girl to "Candy"? And Vietnam!!!

These are cruel burdens to plunk without warning on shoulders already drooping into a dignified Spencer Tracy "Bad-Day-at-Black-Rock" slouch. But, how infuriating to think of Youth's role in imposing them! One's children have put on grown-up airs and, worse, actually are

continuous since it entered the Union in 1850, attorneys familiar with the transfer argue, why must the state give up sloughs to Leslie just because they have been filled in or diked off? Why must the state get in return large navigable sloughs, such as Steinberger Slough in Redwood City, just because Leslie claims them?

Why, they conclude, does the state get nothing, in effect, and Leslie gets 458 acres of choice slough land that eventually will skyrocket to millions of dollars in value?

No government agency has seriously tackled these questions or challenged what amounts to a giveaway, but two citizens of Redwood City have threatened to file a lawsuit before the commission acts. State Lands has been ready to act quietly on the transfer for months, but officials still wouldn't tell the Guardian at presstime what day in November the proposal was scheduled for final approval. Except to say it would come after the election.

running the show. Youth has betrayed its elders by remaking the world in the image of a protesting student, carping about Civil Rights and Imperialism, while totally ignoring such real concerns as the soundness of the dollar and the lengthening welfare rolls.

Reagan's campaign is the Old Order's last chance to regain its cool. Issues do not enter in. No normal, intelligent citizen could vote for Reagan on the issues (Reagan is on record at various times as opposing the progressive income tax, Social Security, Medicare, the Anti-Poverty program, farm subsidies, TVA, the Civil Rights act, the Voting Rights act, public housing, federal aid to education and veterans hospitalization for other than service-connected disabilities). No Reagan, if elected, would become a latter-day Julian the Apostate or James I. His reign would constitute a little reality gap of which future historians will say that, for a brief time before the cataclysm, Americans behaved as though things really were the way they wished them to be.

Banker Choy: the politics of despair

How would Beatrice and Sidney Webb, the Bloomsbury Group
G. B. Shaw, the Fabians, et al., handle the Chinese Mafia?

In the lobby of the Chinatown branch of San Francisco Federal savings and loan, thin men smoking crumpled cigarettes circled watchfully, indulging the fine rapture of poor people observing a banker in the toils. But banker J. K. Choy wasn't the least flustered because his bank had a "run-on."

White-faced reps from the main office nervously fluttered bits of paper on which were scrawled the total loss figure: \$4 million, 100 thousand. "Four million, Mr. Choy," the white-faced reps kept chirping. "Four, four. You understand, four? Mr. Choy, please, the official figure now stands at F-o-u-r m-i-l-l-i-o-n, one hundred t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d."

J. K. Choy was oblivious. On the phone was an official of the

The Chinese have a proverb: If you want to kill your enemy, fire at his horse. Last week, J. K. Choy's enemies tried getting his horse. They started a run on the Chinatown branch of the San Francisco Federal Savings and Loan, of which Choy is general manager. At 75, Choy — one-time soldier of fortune, protege of Sun Yat-Sen, enemy of Chiang Kai-Chek and of the poverty program in Chinatown — has many enemies. In this interview he tells why the next round will be his.

Ladies Garment Workers union, calling to pledge \$10,000 "confidence money" to Mr. Choy's bank.

J. K. Choy, far from dutifully appreciative, was lecturing the unionist on Beatrice and Sidney Webb. "It's the Bible, the Bible of the labor movement," he repeated in a chocky, glutinous accent. "You people should read it, now. You don't read the Webbs anymore. Why is that, will you tell me, please?"

TO J. K. CHOY, a liberal of the old school (Columbia university; "my professor was Charles Beard"), the principles of the Webbs and Bloomsbury group are as valid and pressing today as when G. B. Shaw and the Fabians lectured from the platform.

Choy is a believer in individual humanism. The intransigence of his belief landed him in his bank-run trouble.

"They had a public hearing some weeks ago," he told me, "under the Social Welfare commission, chaired by Supervisor Leo McCarthy, and I testified that they (the Chinatown Area Poverty board) have a \$165,000 payroll. My opinion is half the money should be spent for adult English. Half the population of Chinatown is poverty class. Fourteen thousand in poverty class with incomes less than \$3,000. This is what comes from not understanding English."

"It is imperative English should be available."

"The program they (the local board organized . . . I say organized (a thin, artist's finger jabbed the air) . . . consisted of 120 students. You hear that? One hundred twenty students. Why, my god, 1000 people try to register for that course."

"A few months ago, my service organization (The Greater Chinatown Community Service association) helped the Adult English department of the city register 600, and we found 11

classrooms; we didn't spend one nickel.

"Far as job training, nothing being done. People who do not understand English work in restaurants—as busboys. They could be waiters, these people."

"The other 50 per cent should be spent for a program. What kind of program do we have in Chinatown? Not a single worker in that program is trained sociologist. Not a single one has office administration experience. We got to have a trained social worker. Or an imaginative executive. The most important thing is he got to have a social philosophy. It is as in a seminar, in a university, a study should be conducted by an expert."

CHOY WROTE to the regional director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, John A. Martin, and was asked to detail his complaints. "I told him that the poor man must be represented at least 50 per cent on the local area board. Hunters Point they got 50 per cent and even in Western Addition. In Mission they got 100 per cent representation. (Choy held up his hand in a mock-paternal gesture of reassurance). You know what the board say to that? They say, 'This is the Chinese way of doing things.'"

"What rot!"

"The existing Chinese organizations have representation on the board. But it is only the poor who can understand the poor's problems. The existing organizations like to maintain the status quo. They don't like to upset the applecart. Their interests are in conflict."

The regional board's executive commission also asked Choy to appear. Choy brought his papers: New York Times clippings ("You got to read the Times; I have more information on poverty than these people, because I read the N.Y. Times!"), correspondence with local poverty officials.

"I told them what was taking place, but Father Wong (the Rev.

Joseph Wong, local board chairman) was there and protest that, if my sort of complaint be brought to the executive committee, and not handled through channels, the local board cease to be significant." The executive committee agreed and referred Choy back to the local board. "The chairman said, 'Will you appear?' I said, 'Certainly not! I am the plaintiff. These people (the local board) are the defendants. They're going to set themselves up as judge and jury.'"

DESPITE HIS declaimers, the local board asked him to appear. "I told them, 'I'll appear, if I can bring my lawyer and cross examine.'"

Choy talked with delight of Mayor Shelley's conference after the riots. "The mayor told me the poverty program was mismanaged. I agree, and I repeated my charges. Father Wong said I should co-operate; I'm sewing dissension in Chinatown. I said, 'We have to get out the dead-wood, squeeze out the water. I have \$40 million in my bank'; I told them, 'I've only 22 men. These people, the poverty, have double my force.' I say, 'Let half your force teach Adult English.' Boy, are we going to have a lot of classes then . . . 400, 500 students, maybe."

Then Choy discussed the mayor: "Why we haven't volunteers?" I told him, 'We could organize clean-up squads, start to clean up Chinatown alleys.' The mayor said, 'That's a fine idea. Would you lead the squad?' I said, 'You the mayor; you lead, I follow you, like Mayor Lindsay in New York. By God, we'll do the same thing as Lindsay, instead of nothing, like here.'"

"Funny thing, Father Wong, he's drawing \$12,000 on the board just because he happens to be a clergyman. Now he's got another clergyman to help him at \$9000. The lowest salary they pay is \$5000. I say, 'By God, you

people are conducting a Sunday school. Unfortunately, your checks got to be cashed in heaven.'"

Choy wants a blue ribbon committee, as in New Haven, Conn. The best poverty program, he says, is in New Haven, sponsored by the Ford Foundation ("I got that out of the N.Y. Times"). "Lindsay employed the former head of the New Haven program: a sociologist, not an amateur. There you have a successful program; here, we're ignoring it. By God, these people don't like me."

CHOY SPOKE of Chinatown: "For years Chinatown was a walled city. In the old days, Chinese man go to Kearny, beat him up, even to Broadway, beat him up. This is invisible walled city. This is what happen when people cannot speak English. The reactionary power structure of Chinatown is exploiting the people. And then they tell you, 'Oh, this is the way Chinese handle their affairs.' Rot! Rot! All rot!"

They never let the people here know they could get protection."

Choy softened. "But, to give these people credit [the power structure—originally, protection society — Editor.] — in the old days, the laws of California were very unfair to Chinese. Chinese could not testify in court, you know. But that's all past! We got to make a clean start. That's what the poverty program is for."

Finally, Choy discussed the Chinese Mafia. "The Mafia is the reactionary power structure; they are the interstate gambling interests; they are the exploiters of the Chinese hospital . . ."

(Here Choy named a prominent Chinatown figure, whom he accused both of being a Mafia leader and a paid agent of the Kuomintang. This person is not a registered foreign agent and therefore operates illegally, he said.)

"That run on us out there," Choy continued, gesturing at the clerks handling depositors, "is well-organized. Members of that power structure are walking up — Continued on Page 10



In the City of Class

OBSCENE MUEZZINS

MACDOUGAL STREET—At first glimpse The Fugs look like dervishes. The wild, unkempt, tawny independence of lions with matted manes distinguishes them from their colleagues of the rock n roll genre, who, though self-styled "Scoundrels," "Rogues," etc., patently are harmless, mere conformist men-on-the-make. It is their personal untidiness which compels interest in The Fugs, just as hair did for the Beatles (and hips for Elvis). The Fugs have hair but, where the Beatles resemble 15th century Venetian pages, The Fugs are all-gone prophets, men of the desert, marabouts. They represent that psychological type which the Westerner finds most difficult to understand: the Arab.

The Arab-type, relatively rare in America, is a potent character at-large, with his penchant for hashish and various perversions, his war-like devotion to a religion, The Fugs, too, for all their devotion to peace, pot, perversion and poverty, are aggressively anti-war. Their best-seller "Kill for Peace" ("Kill, kill, kill for peace/Kill, kill, kill for peace/The only gook an American can trust/Is a gook that got his yellow head bust") is violent, as is "Strafe Those

Creeps in the Rice Paddie, Daddie."

THE FUGS, like the Wahhabis who cleansed the mosque at Mecca, also are fanatical. Anarchists in the tradition of e. e. cummings ["come (all you mischief-hatchers hatch mischief) all you guilty scamper (you bastards throw dynamite)"], they are performing artists, in addition. Whereas tolerance of the written word is well established; there is no such guarantee for public performances. Bob Dylan, "The Rolling Stones" and "The Byrds" have covered themselves by sounding ambiguous. Their free associative form is difficult for censors to explicate. But Fug songs like "We Love Grass," "Supergirl," "Coca Cola Douche," "Saran Wrap," "Group Grope" and "Mutant Stomp" are quite clear.

For a long while, The Fugs escaped public censure by being unintelligible. Enthusiastic entertainers, they bellowed into the mike and drowned themselves out, thus sparing thinner-skinned audiences. Paradoxically, unintelligibility enhanced The Fugs' popularity, probably a benefit of playing in New York. (It's interesting The Fugs' success, in this city Saul Bellow called tropical,

should coincide with a belly dancer rage.) Sophisticated New Yorkers purchased The Fugs' song-book (mimeographed privately in a limited edition) and memorized the lyrics, making them an in-thing.

The Fugs' appearance at Town Hall changed all this. Although *The Times* critic, with rare courage, described them as having "originality, courage and wit," and the audience of 1000 Teenyboppers and young men applauded wildly, it was evident the performance failed as entertainment. In the intimate Players Theater on MacDougal Street, The Fugs' fuzziness is compensated for by mugging — Chief Fug Ed Sanders using the mike as a phallus, Tuli Kupferberg doing costumed bits. In the big hall, even the famous "Wet Dream Over You," one of the funniest satires today, fell flat. Faced with becoming professional or staying sincere but erratic, The Fugs restyled their entire show. They cued bits, polished timing and de-amplified the sound.

IRONICALLY, professional polish cost The Fugs some of their early following. The Teenyboppers accused them of selling

out. Evidently, they are expected, as traditional dervishes, to perform only when legitimately frenzied. And, while The Fugs can count on an expanding adult audience, big television money is out of reach, now that the show is brutally audible. (Fug Ken Weaver says the group is willing to play the Johnny Carson show, but only un-taped, which is unlikely.)

Weaver, a Texas boy (of the original act only Kupferberg is a native New Yorker; Sanders is from Missouri) insists, "Making a million isn't everything. We could sing June, moon for five million people on the Ed Sullivan show—once." Promulgating their philosophy of "positivism" is reward enough. The Fugs have turned their backs on the Kerouac beats of the fifties, who, themselves, turned their backs on middleclass mores by striving for poverty and saying No. Instead they follow Ginsberg: "Take a capitalist to bed and make him smile," they say. Isn't that a wild scene to contemplate?

—S.C.P.

A 'Model' Riot Among Friends

By our civil rights correspondent

(These are the reflections of a reporter who covered the recent outbreaks at Hunters Point and in the Fillmore district.)

IF YOU were there, in the dark, screaming night of the first outbreak at Hunters Point, certain scenes would recur—even at a space of weeks afterward:

Looking up the hill at the crumbling barracks of the prison-like housing project in which the rioters live; the rotten smell from the slaughterhouse at the bottom of the hill.

The inner ear re-creates a fusillade of bricks and beer cans—flattened and lethally sharp—whistling over head toward the police lines. A policeman's angry retort: "I don't mind; I just don't want it in the back."

Then, the milling mob in front of the old opera house (now the rioters' community center). The army of police, shotguns at the ready, nightsticks flailing as they rush the mob. "Herd them up the hill! Herd them up the hill!" a sergeant screams. "Drive them back toward the projects!"

AND THEN, abruptly, silence. For the rest of the night, the occasional tinkle of shattering glass.

And now it's Wednesday, Sep-

tember 28. The weather and the mob, hot and sullen. The morning passing without confrontation. In the afternoon, a liquor store is looted. Someone heaves a Molotov cocktail from an upper window of the opera house. It does not explode, but the police shout they are being fired upon. Crouching, they shoot hell out of the old opera house-community center. And then turn their shotguns on the advancing mob.

Seven youths fall. Their comrades drag them toward the police line. "All right, you've shot us," one of the youth yells. "You've got the guns. Now where are your band-aids . . . ?"

AND SHORTLY after that, the Guard, 500 strong, is committed to begin the long wait through the clear night. A night of guardsmen standing idly about, and of sergeants reasoning earnestly with their bored, impatient troops: "We're showing our deterrent. We're a deterrent force." The guardsmen jibing: "Who d'you think you are, sarge, Curtis Lemay?"

In those last hours, standing in the midst of the white man's "deterrent," I began questioning the basis for this show of force: that this really was a riot.

True, considering mob psychology, events at Hunters Point

easily could have gotten out of hand that first night. The mayor's decisiveness in calling out the guard probably spared us. But reviewing the "riot" statistics is instructive:

- 128 persons were injured, including 58 policemen. Except for 10 Negroes suffering gunshot wounds, most casualties were minor.

- 359 persons were arrested, mostly Negroes.

- \$90,000 worth of property was damaged or lost. A surprisingly low figure for the hundreds of people involved and the length of the disturbances.

It seems significant, also, that the mob spent its fury breaking glass, not burning and killing. It seems almost justified to call this a model—at least a "gentlemanly," riot. If not that, then call it a warning to "whitey" that the rest of San Francisco, the black part, wants to enjoy the city as does the white part. The myth of San Francisco, the city of spirited good living, need not—indeed, must not, be a myth any longer.

Perhaps, it's not too far-fetched to say that the Negro, though he hasn't had as great a chance to enjoy San Francisco, feels about it the way its white citizens do.

If he does, there's much to hope for.

White English For Black Children

Neil V. Sullivan
Berkeley Superintendent of Schools

All children — except those few neurologically, physically or emotionally damaged beyond repair — can learn to read. But until recently, when concerned educators and federal government went to work toward this goal, more than half our minority children had not been learning to read.

Today this country has 10 times as many disadvantaged children as in earlier years; in another decade, that number will increase: 15 years ago, we had one disadvantaged child in 10; now we have one in three; in another 10 years, the number will be one in two, every other child in our cities. Even among those disadvantaged minority children who are learning to read, most are two to three years behind the mainstream of privileged children. The National Council of Teachers of English recently reported nearly 4,000,000—16%—pupils with reading disabilities in our elementary schools. I believe, with other critics, that this estimate is low.

I SAY THESE 4,000,000 not only can but must be taught to read if they are to be happy, useful citizens. Reading is the key to understanding our complex world, to working with one's best skills, to coping with life in general.

Learning to read and school integration go hand-in-hand. School integration is a national mandate, whereas "Reading is the most important subject in our schools," stated the President's Commission on National Goals. Yet only a few cities, including Berkeley, are cited for progress by the U.S. Civil Rights commission's School Integration Study committee, of which I am a member, while many more have made no progress at all. We can be more hopeful about reading.

We are in the midst of a reading revolution—one, I predict, that we will win. It is against prejudice and misunderstanding, outworn methods that lock children from learning, and the failure of teachers' colleges to teach teachers how to teach reading. In colleges and universities, in institutes, in national meetings, teachers are told ABOUT reading, not HOW children learn to read, and most importantly, not WHY they don't learn to read. And almost one-fourth of teachers' colleges and education schools are not preparing teachers in reading methods at all!

READING EXPERTS have argued about reading ever since the American Revolution. Phonics was a cure-all, then was blamed because of insufficient progress. So it was with the "word method," and the "look-say" system, which again failed to teach enough children to read. Then phonics returned. Fashionable terms such as elyxia, dyslexia and stratosymbolia sprang up as excuses for children who didn't learn.

Experts thought it simple — find the right method and children will learn to read. But it requires the use of many methods, adapted to many levels and rates of learning, plus understanding of the children one is teaching. Every teacher, whatever her specialty, requires special reading training. It is a matter of heart as well as mind. Here are statements from a

tape recording of fourth-graders in a ghetto school:

"I got messed up on sounds. They didn't sound like anything." . . .

"The words looked like I never saw 'em before—never heard 'em at home." . . .

"Some of the books looked funny—not real." . . .

"You're scared you'll be wrong and then the teacher won't won't call on you and you'll just sit there." . . .

"You don't know what's going on so you just don't listen—you goof-off you feel dumb you just want to go home."

"You just want to get out and goof off." . . .

"You feel dumb—you just go home."

OVER AND OVER, they got "messed up," they "goofed off," or sat there silent, feeling dumb, wanting to go home.

In other words: Insecurity, brought about by fear, anxiety, or guilt; unpropitious home conditions; and unsatisfactory relationships with teacher and other pupils. Add that, instead of being allowed to learn at their current mental age level, children had been pressured beyond their cultural and mental limitations.

What have teachers' colleges and university schools of education been doing about this crucial situation? The 76.3% that "prepare" students to teach reading give the mechanics without relation to children. Some teacher-training institutions do send students into poverty-area schools for internship—but totally unprepared. Most professors know nothing about disadvantaged children — their culture, patterns of reward and punishment, their anthropology, if you will. They tend to reject this tremendous population with whom many of their graduates will work.

DR. ELLIOTT SHAPIRO, on leave from public school 119 in New York's Harlem, calls it "Teacher Involvement with the Poor," the title of a course he taught at Berkeley last summer. "In the ghetto of the poor," he said to a teachers' workshop in a ghetto school, "the child is constantly aware that he does not belong in the mainstream of 'the outside.' There is a tremendous feeling of aloneness, of separation." The child brings this "aloneness" into school. He feels lost as in a big department store without mother. He needs a friendly adult "to take him by the hand."

The reading revolution is tackling this "separation," as shown by what's being done in Berkeley.

IN FALL, 1964, when I came, Berkeley school district was taking important integration steps, after a year's study by a citizens' committee. Seventh- and eighth-graders combined in two junior high, which contained all city one "West campus" of Berkeley

—Continued on Page 9

THREE POEMS

Loneliness
at Fort Ord, California

The reaches of sun
and summer are scarcely here.
Below, the bay,
constant ruin of time,
while near me, small birds
are parting the sparse grass,
quick, and with tiny cries,
the stillness.

Between the deep gulf
and these scattered moments one yields,
what more than loneliness?
more than weariest hope
as one meets another crowd,
faces blank
as they stare beyond you?

Clearly Archaic

Who notes the sweetness of my lady's voice
Will find therein more than a sweet demanding:
For though sweet grace-notes turn him from his choice
She yet demands, though charmed, his understanding.

Graceful her movements are; and the pursuing
Requires a grace of sorts, so not to fright her.
The winning is to name her truly, suing
With Wisdom: failing this, none will excite her.

For golden wires and nets complete her glamour,
But only plainness shall her heart enamour.

(Envoi)

Now go, Ballata, to my lady flying.
Tell her my heart, as I cannot, decrying
All ornament; tell her, though I should lose her,
I would be constant, could I else but choose her.

Kenneth Fields

Unabsolved

Evil, like bourbon,
Tenders its pleasures,
Evasive and distracted,
In unmeasured measures.

Grudging dispersal,
The finitude of crime,
Mortal and brute,
Persists in time.

He whose past is error
Is past remission,
Tentative with the terror,
Still, of commission.

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The Voice From The Back Room

NEW YORK — Early this year Elliot Roosevelt, rancher and mayor of Miami Beach, Fla., threw a cocktail party for national labor leaders who were meeting there. The party, it turned out, wasn't his idea, but that of his younger brother, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., who had left his automobile business in Washington to fly down.

The reason for the party—and for Franklin Junior's presence—soon became apparent as he buttonholed the labor leaders — among them David Dubinsky, a founder and moving spirit of the New York State Liberal party.

"I'VE GOT the Democratic nomination for governor almost wrapped up," Roosevelt told the labor powers. "Your support will clinch it for me."

"You're a nice fellow Frank, and we like you personally," the labor leaders said. "But for governor of the state of New York—no!"

This answer need not have surprised Roosevelt. He had outraged liberals by hiring himself out as an apologist for the late dictator Trujillo. Also, as a campaigner for John F. Kennedy in the West Virginia Presidential primary, he had called JFK's opponent—Hubert Humphrey—a

"draft dodger." Since Humphrey is a founder of Americans for Democratic Action, the effect upon his admirers could only be imagined.

Furthermore, Roosevelt had kicked away a promising career in Congress by running up an absentee record—second only to that of Adam Clayton Powell.

In addition, Roosevelt was known to be personally distasteful to Dubinsky.

Nevertheless, after Roosevelt turned out to be an also-ran for the Democratic nomination for governor, the New York Liberal party turned around and named him as its nominee.

BEHIND THIS CURIOUS split block is an instructive lesson in the nature of third party or third force politics—and in the art of influencing events even if you don't have the power to rule. New York's Liberal party can exist only if the state has two strong major parties, for the Liberals with their average following of 500,000 votes can't win an election for their own candidate. The Liberals can only keep the Democrats honest—and the Republicans from straying to the right — by threatening to use their balance of power against one or the other.

When New York's Democrats nominated Frank O'Connor, a for-

Continued on Page 10



By John Lewis, La Huelga photographer

At Parade's End A Sudden Silence

By our Delano correspondent

Last Wednesday, after three months of calm, students and clergymen again demonstrated in protest outside the DiGiorgio Corp. office in San Francisco. The previous week, the Northern California Council of Churches had resumed its public pressure on DiGiorgio to hold free labor representation elections among its field workers.

This resurgence of church-student activism on behalf of Delano farm workers, far from resuming old antagonisms, points to radical changes in the Delano struggle.

The statement of the Northern California Council of Churches urges free elections at DiGiorgio's Arvin, where the current dispute centers, and Marysville ranches. These are the ranches where DiGiorgio invited the Teamsters to represent its field workers without even a face-saving election of the kind the corporation staged in June at Delano. That June election resulted in a state-sponsored investigation, a second election Aug. 30 and eventual victory for Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers. The corporation wanted a contract with the Teamsters without interference from Chavez.

Since the corporation announced its Arvin/Marysville invitation to the Teamsters in June, Chavez and his union have been trying to get an election to prove who really represents the field workers there. Chavez told me that the UFW was "given to understand" that the terms of agreement covering the second election in Delano, then under negotiation, would also apply to the Arvin dispute.

THE AGREEMENT preceding the second Delano election provided for neutrally supervised elections among field hands and packing shed workers, and guaranteed both Teamsters and UFW the right to campaign among employees after working hours. It also committed UFW to suspend its boycott of DiGiorgio products for a year, and required that all parties to the election agree to all terms of the agreement. This means that, if any party withdraws, the election technically is off.

This agreement, which provided extra campaign time, thereby changed the Delano

struggle from a worker-grower contest into a UFW-Teamsters dispute. The Teamsters flooded Delano with organizers and free fiestas, but lost the election to Chavez's union, which during the campaign had affiliated with the AFL-CIO. Since Arvin and Marysville are not specifically named in the Delano agreement and, since their experience with open elections is bitter, the Teamsters now refuse to participate in elections in Arvin and Marysville under the terms of the Delano agreement.

Since it was not DiGiorgio that refused the election, UFW is prohibited by its Delano agreement from boycotting the products to force an election. And the boycott is the UFW's only weapon, since field workers aren't covered by the National Labor Relations act, and DiGiorgio is free to sign a contract with the Teamsters, election or not, or to sign with no one at all.

THIS SHADOW alliance of Teamsters and the corporate growers in the San Joaquin valley is a new enemy for the farm workers. At Arvin it has allowed DiGiorgio to avoid the elections it does not want without having to suffer the boycott; elsewhere, when UFW strikes, the Teamsters put in strike-breakers, as they are doing now at Perelli-Minetti, another grower. The tacit partnership prevents the will of the workers from being known, and places control of the labor force back with the growers and labor contractors, where it has been for generations, rather than in the hands of the workers' union, as it is at Delano and Borrego Springs, where UFW has won its strike.

But there is no reason DiGiorgio, or any other grower, cannot hold elections, under terms similar to the Delano agreement. Those terms were arranged by a nationally-known labor relations expert, Ronald W. Haughton; DiGiorgio could hold an election in which Hoffa's union was free to participate under conditions to which it already agreed in Delano.

So pickets are back at DiGiorgio. The churches again appeal publicly to the corporation to give its workers a voice. But this time there are no boycott signs, and this time DiGiorgio has given the Teamsters the onus. It remains to be seen whether appeals without the force of a boy-

cott will be sufficient to arouse the good will of a corporation which has the Teamsters to take its black eyes.—D.B.

DEVILS' HAIKU

alienation: the psychological bean adolescents put in their ears after being told not to.—Jack Lambert.

astronaut: (literally "star-sailor"); a remote-controlled organic instrument placed in a space vehicle to determine if it ought to be there.

automation: a system or process to create job opportunities by eliminating work.—J.L.

beatnik: (Latin stem beatus, "blessed" or "happy"); the human analog of anti-matter; someone who insists on being accepted for what he's not.—J.L.

Cape Kennedy: (nee Canaveral); a small island off the coast of Florida which the U.S. government maintains at an annual cost equivalent to that of supplying every citizen of the U.S. with 1.2 lbs. of ground chuck a week for a year.

conservative: a political position characterized by determined efforts to preserve what never existed.

dissent: the exercise of a Constitutionally guaranteed right to attack other Constitutionally guaranteed rights.

Great Society: (cant term);

1. a society in which poverty, disease, crime, injustice, graft, ignorance and garbage have been eliminated by legislation; 2. "Amurica" in eighteen years.

A Vote For
REAGAN
Is a Vote For
Responsible Government

Getting Out the vote Brownwise

By our political correspondent

SACRAMENTO—If Pat Brown wins re-election as governor, in many ways it will be a triumph for taxpayers—after all, Republicans and Democrats alike have paid a healthy chunk of Brown's campaign bills.

From the governor's first-floor suite in the Capitol, a flood of pro-Brown press releases flows forth daily. The political material is produced by state employees on state time, using state facilities.

Incumbent governors always make campaign use of state employees, usually high-ranking officials, department heads and the like, whom the incumbent has appointed to office. These government "names" issue well-timed statements praising the governor or disparaging his opponent.

Such officials are only too glad to help; it's a great deal easier than job-hunting if their boss is defeated.

BUT BROWN'S USE of staffers in 1966 is unprecedented in size and scope of operations. It may also violate the spirit of laws forbidding state employees to engage in political activities during working hours.

When this year's race got underway, Brown's full-time press aides (Jack Burby, Lu Haas, Jack McDonald) took leaves of absence. Through Nov. 8, they're drawing paychecks from the Committee to Re-elect Brown and various campaign organizations, not from the state.

Into their spots, however, moved other state employees, ostensibly to maintain the normal flow of state business information. Doyen of this team is James Alexander, top information officer from the Corrections Agency, who was joined by Dean Thompson, a Resources Agency public relations man, and about 25 others.

Office operations under Alex-

ander have been almost totally political. Campaign speeches by Burby or other Brown aides are transmitted to Sacramento, where stenographers and typists work late nights and weekends in the governor's suite, helping turn out more political propaganda. Taxpayer money goes for salaries.

Perhaps the best insight into the office's activities came through an incident several weeks ago.

RONALD REAGAN'S invitation from state school chief Max Rafferty to address education department staffers was viewed with misgivings by the Brown camp, particularly since Rafferty just had endorsed Reagan. So a plan was devised to take the sting out of anything Reagan—or Rafferty—might say.

Thomas Braden, board of education president and long-time Rafferty foe, arrived in Sacramento and demanded to appear on Reagan's platform. His demand was reproduced and distributed by Brown's Capitol office. When Rafferty refused Braden, the board president rapped Rafferty, accusing him and Reagan of extremist ties—"the John Birch society bit," as newsmen have come to know it. Braden's attack also was handed out by Alexander and staff.

And so it has gone. If the Mental Hygiene department gets a federal grant, Brown announces it and takes credit for the new program (adding a few words about Reagan's failings), as he does with highway contracts, the anti-poverty program and anything else he can attach his name to.

Meanwhile, he and his aides continue to use the people's resources to perpetuate themselves in office.

Thus does the governor substantiate Reagan's charge that there is a "Brown machine"—paid for by all of us.

A Statement of Intent

The Bay Guardian is the result of three years of planning by a corps of San Francisco area newsmen and writers. It is not an experiment or a flier, but a serious publishing venture to serve the San Francisco Bay area as a fortnightly of news, analysis and opinion.

Because the founding group feels that good journalism is an end in itself, the Guardian will have no connection with party, institution, special interest or creed; it is financed by stockholders, mostly small, in a corporation established expressly to operate a newspaper of independence and conviction. Operating revenues will come from advertising, subscriptions and the economies of fortnightly publishing on an offset, jobber basis.

The Guardian is proposed, not as a substitute for the daily press, but as a supplement that can do much that the San Francisco and suburban dailies, with their single ownership, visceral appeal and parochial stance, do not and will not do. It will be edited and staffed by professional newsmen and writers, some full time, many as correspondents from present posts, in the spirit of the lively, quality English weeklies. A regional paper, it will be published in San Francisco and oriented to the nine-county bay region, drawing heavily upon the area's literary and professional resources.

The Guardian believes it difficult, if not impossible, for a paper to be good if it is not liberal. This is because a good newspaper must reflect the tenets of a liberal faith: passion for truth, rejection of cant and dogma, respect for the principle of doubt and dissent, concern for civil liberties and minority rights and an understanding that no fatal conflict exists between the working of an open mind and the beating of a compassionate heart.

The Guardian is in business to find as much of the truth as possible and comment upon it as intelligently as possible. However, the Guardian believes that truth will be found, not instantly and perfectly in any one account, but only through free reporting, free discussion and free comment. This means using fully the tools of the trade: investigative reporting, disclosure, analysis, strong editorials, plenty of latitude for opinion, reporting and commentary on controversial subjects, free-wheeling criticism and debate, political satire.

This policy may be somewhat irksome, as is the democratic process itself or a play one considers offensive, but it will have several beneficial effects: first, it makes for an exciting compound of ideas and events; second, it respects the intelligence of the reader, and third, it is more likely to present a reliable picture of the world as it is.

A good newspaper is always practical, yet always visionary. It is practical because its raw material is the march of events and men of affairs; it is visionary because its analysis, opinion and commentary, satire and humor, move beyond agitations of the moment, to a world where choices are numerous and possibilities more varied than they are at the level of practical policy and daily decisions. Here choices are narrow, because prejudice is set.

Choices and possibilities can be wide in the Guardian, because there is no compulsion of events or of self-interest or of ideology.

The Guardian will operate on three levels: the present, which must be reported and commented upon; the past, from which insight must be drawn;

the future, for which insight must be prepared. Thus, the Guardian will be liberal in assessing the present and future (supporting regional government, nuclear weapons control, welfare legislation, rapid transit, tax reform, consumer protection, planning, judicial review, de-escalation and a promptly negotiated settlement in Vietnam). But it will also be conservative in preserving tradition (civil liberties and minority rights, natural resources, watersheds, our bay, our hills, our air and water).

The Guardian will emphasize light verse, cartoons, comic strips and humor, the sort of thing Mark Twain wrote in the 1860's in San Francisco and H. L. Mencken wrote in turn-of-the-century Baltimore. This will set the tone of the Guardian. Though forceful, it will be reasonably relaxed in the belief that, in this era of massive introspection, dialogue in general and newspapers in particular have the most to fear from solemnity, with deadly side effects of dullness, inflexibility and hostility to change.

As Mencken once said: "One horse-laugh is worth ten thousand syllogisms. It is not only more effective; it is also vastly more intelligent."

Business as usual

As our regional affairs correspondent points out, the new Association of Bay Area Governments' proposal for limited regional government bristles with problems. ABAG's general assembly should give the proposal short shrift until it: (1) incorporates the democratic principle of one man, one vote (instead of appointments that keep power with county supervisors); (2) brings together all regional special districts (instead of limiting the new government to four areas and ignoring special districts for mass transit, bay conservation and pollution), and (3) establishes a method of financing.

Otherwise, the new ABAG will be little more than the old ABAG: a mirage that all is well while under the tent it is business as usual for fill-the-bay and home rule forces.

Save the bay!

The multi-million dollar transfer of land titles between the State Lands commission and the Leslie Salt Co. could be the Teapot Dome of San Francisco Bay. The point is nobody knows and not one public agency has made a serious attempt to find out.

An independent investigation by The Guardian shakes down to this: Leslie gets title to 458 acres of choice slough land that will facilitate its development plans along the tidelands arc of three South Bay counties. The state gets 1551 acres of large sloughs which it has always owned and which, under no conceivable circumstance today, could anybody fill or dike off. More: Leslie gets title to its portion because the sloughs, once navigable and in the public trust, were made non-navigable by filling or diking by Leslie or other parties. Even to those who hope the bay will go the way of Foster City, Strawberry Point and Bay Farm Island, this isn't much of a swap for the public.

These slough lands are immensely valuable, even if they are under salt ponds, because of Leslie's plans to develop its South Bay holdings and because of the firm's refusal to provide more than a few crumbs of park and open space in its first housing develop-



Our daily newspapers in San Francisco

ment, Redwood Shores, in Redwood City. If they are valuable to Leslie, they are many times more valuable to the public.

This is your land we're talking about. Isn't there anybody who will scream bloody murder and try to keep this valuable land in the public domain where it belongs?

State Comptroller Alan Cranston, as a member of the State Lands Commission? Lt. Gov. Glenn Anderson, as a commission member? State Finance Director Hale Champion, as a commission member? The district attorney of Alameda, Santa Clara or San Mateo County, as the law officer charged with protecting "waste or ungranted lands of the state." The Bay Conservation and Development commission, as the state agency charged with conservation of the bay? A South Bay city? The Save the Bay association?

Someone? Somewhere?

A plague on only one house, please

The fashionable position assumed by California voters, politicians and publications of the New Left is to sit on their hands during the Brown-Reagan election. And grimace with distaste. They argue in effect that there is little difference between Brown and Reagan; that, in fact, Brown is "caving in to the right" to such an extent that he is becoming something of a right-wing extremist himself.

What prompts this stance is petulance, a rarefied ideology and, more understandably, pique at Brown's mistakes and meanderings, but it also reveals what has often been evident in public positions of the New Left: an inability to make distinctions.

Is there no difference between Brown's statement that Proposition 16, the "CLEAN anti-pornography" initiative proposal, is unconstitutional and dangerous law and Reagan's suggestion to let the people decide what is smut and what isn't? Is it irrelevant that Brown has sought to shield Berkeley from right-wing attacks while Reagan has desperately tried to make this great university another campaign issue?

Would Reagan have intervened in the Delano dispute to assure a fair union election for Mexican-American farm workers? Isn't it apparent, as it was in the last presidential election, that the insidious purpose behind Reagan's cry of "crime in the streets" is to snap the white backlash against the civil rights movement? Isn't it clear that Brown is trying to save the Rumford Fair Housing act (by showing it to a committee until after the election) while Reagan whips realtors into a frenzy?

Indeed, is there no qualitative difference between the social reform programs that Brown has supported—improvements in education, California's "little Medicare," anti-poverty legislation—and four years of reaction that Reagan and Goldwater propose? California is in many ways the best run state in the Union. It has the best highways, best schools, best college system, best penal system, best health insurance and old age benefits and one of the largest and most visionary park and water resources programs. Brown's administration, and the previous administrations of Earl Warren and Goodwin Knight (both of whom are anathema to Reagan), are responsible for this progressive legislation. These things do make a difference.

The Bay Guardian

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

* * *

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NAPALMING THE KURDS

In Cairo's great square, Socialist Gamal Abdul Nasir thunderingly denounces Western imperialism. Far to the northeast in Socialist Arab Iraq, the snickering crack of a British Enfield, handled lovingly and with murderous accuracy, echoes in irony-steeped derision. In the United Nations, the Russian delegate vociferates against destruction of the Vietnamese people, a crime made execrable through use of barbarous weapons. . . . Across three continents, again in Iraq, screaming peasants are driven into their fields by Russian Ilyushin jets dropping searing napalm. The solitary sniper is a Kurdish pishmerga ("one who is prepared to die"). Posted on a windswept crag, he pins down an entire Iraqi division in a narrow mountain pass. The peasants are

Kurdish tobacco farmers.

The Kurdish war for autonomy in Iraq, now in its sixth year, belies the high principles of both the Arab and Soviet socialist republics. For, even as the Arabs resist Western imperialism, they press imperiously on the Kurds, a minority of one-and-a-half million non-Arab tribesmen (the Kurds, with the Iranians, are Aryans). And the Russians, while insisting on the Vietnamese right of self-determination, supply the weapons for denying the Kurds that right.

During the first two years of the Kurdish war, 1961-62, the sides were matched: Kurds, peerless guerrillas, advantaged themselves of the northern mountains; Arab tanks and artillery held the plains. With the assumption of power by the Ba'ath, the war

took a sinister turn: Ba'ath generals, sick of repeated defeats by rough tribesmen, embraced terrorism. Historian Derk Kinane chronicled the destruction of Kurdish villages by tankfire and bulldozing of Kurdish peasants into unmarked graves. With amazing resiliency, Kurdish general, Mulla Mustafa Barzani rallied troops and counterattacked. The resulting Ba'ath rout brought down their government.

THE BA'ATH SUCCESSOR, Marshal Abdul-Salam Arif, continued terror tactics, using napalm and gas. The Kurds, retreating to a line of defense along the Iran border, survived because pursuing Iraqi jets were refused the Shah's permission to maneuver over Iranian territory. The jets destroyed countless Kurdish vil-

lages, however, and Barzani appealed to the International Red Cross. But Iraq's Red Crescent Society refused admission to Red Cross teams.

After Abdul-Salam died earlier this year in a helicopter crash, his brother signed a truce with Barzani. No one supposes the truce will last; in fact, reports of eruptions arise already. Now it is winter in northern Iraq, so fighting probably will not resume in earnest till next Spring. When it does, presumably it will be genocidal.

The American government might be expected to champion the Kurdish cause. But the American, like the Russian, treatment of the Kurds is callous. The ground fought over contains one of the Middle East's richest oil fields, Kirkuk. This oil, through

the British Petroleum Co., is funneled to the West. If a Western power took the Kurds' part, Baghdad might restrict this flow. Further, America's two strongest Middle Eastern allies, Iran and Turkey, have large (3 million and 5 million), suppressed Kurdish minorities. An Iraqi Kurd victory could encourage the Iranian and Turkish Kurds to revolt, periling the CENTO alliance.

Thus, the Kurds today are in the position of a bear in a pit, being baited while both Eastern and Western powers look on. The final irony is supplied by Swiss journalist Arnold Hottinger. In a recent report, he revealed that the napalm used against the partisans was supplied by two leading neutral countries—Switzerland and Sweden.—S.C.P.

SIR DENIS BROGAN

Cops

Without Guns

By Michael Kernan

LONDON—"Why is it that whenever a cop shoots someone it always turns out to be a 16-year-old Negro boy?"

This was the reaction to San Francisco's riot of a man who probably knows as much about the United States as any other foreigner, Sir Denis Brogan, author of "The American Character." Sir Denis dismissed the socio-economic implications of the recent trouble, instead damning the American tradition of arming police.

IT DIDN'T MATTER, he said, that the white patrolman warned the fleeing boys, shouted for them to stop, and fired the "traditional" shots in the air before finally gunning down one youth with a bullet in the back.

"So the boy would run away. So he would escape. So what? All that is involved is a stolen car. If the cop hadn't had a gun, the boy would have got off, but is this a matter of life and death?"

ANGRY WORDS, spoken with a Scottish burr in the hush of the Athenaeum, London's great club for generals, bishops and highbrows: To some San Franciscans, this indictment might seem presumptuous.

But Sir Denis Brogan's credentials are the best. Since first visiting the United States in 1925 (for graduate study at Harvard), he has come to America nearly every year, even during the war, traveling into every section, spending as long as nine months per visit. Journalist, television pundit, prolific writer and memory wizard, who can reel off minor league batting averages with the best, Sir Denis knows America better than 95% of Americans.

HE HAS LECTURED in the universities from Berkeley to New Haven. Presidents invite him to chat. Casually as the gentle dew, names of cabinet members, corporation heads and movie stars

drop into his conversation. During the war, in a high-security post on Baker street, he formed connections with some of the more esoteric branches of the CIA and FBI. Moreover, the newly knighted (1963) political scientist is equally well informed about France, which conferred upon him an honorary degree and ribbon of the legion of honor.

Although a frequent defender of the United States, Brogan blasts the policy of arming policemen. As everyone knows, Great Britain gives its police no guns, except in a recent manhunt for the killers of three London policemen.

Ireland, he noted, switched over with much misgiving under the new regime. Police who had carried guns all their adult lives went unarmed.

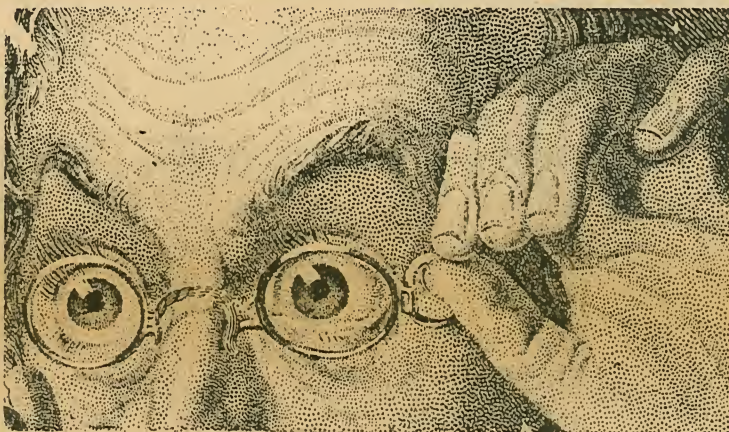
"Yet the crime rate didn't rise," said Brogan. "There wasn't a crime wave. Nothing happened."

EVEN IN FRANCE, where gendarmes are reputed to be tough, guns are not used. But the lead-weighted edge of the officer's cape, swung skillfully (Parisians call gendarmes "flics"), can lay a man out flat.

Over a lunch of kangaroo soup and roast grouse, Sir Denis skipped with ease from subject to subject, a bit rushed. That afternoon he was to review a television script he had written. And in a very few days he would go to Cambridge University for term opening.

But even under pressure he can sparkle. Ruddy and slightly stout, white-haired and bright-eyed as Jack Frost, Sir Denis favors blood-red shirts, matching socks and deerstalker cap. For this interview, however, he wore a sober pinstripe.

As a father and professor at Cambridge, the 66-year-old scholar keeps in close touch with the young. That today's youth reject the business world of their fathers and refuse the career security that even a decade ago



was the aim of fledgling college graduates, did not surprise him.

"They're already secure," he said. "These children have never known a depression. They don't believe it can happen."

Nor did he find startling the new political awareness and activism. As he put it:

"The Korean war was very educational."

"Certainly it seems to me that the growing tension over desegregation is the most ominous internal sign in America today." — From "American Aspects," Hamish Hamilton, London, 1964.

AS FOR LSD, little has appeared so far in Great Britain, though marijuana is common enough. The taste for hemp was brought by Pakistani students and, no doubt, cultural interchanged with America. In Chelsea, they speak of pot, but the more up-to-date word, grass, rarely is heard.

"We have a little experimenting with LSD, but nothing like the scale in the United States," Brogan added. Certainly there is no sign of the naturopathetic cult of LSD therapy promoted by Alpert, Leary, et al, among the very young in the United States.

Brogan, incidentally, was one author of a widely quoted letter a few years ago urging Great Britain to lift its ban on heroin. The argument was that the British could control the drug effectively, and, if the Americans couldn't, that was their problem. Today, he admitted, his opinion would be somewhat more complicated.

The theme of American influence on Europe, of American control (unwitting or deliberate) over the rest of the world, has always been a prime concern for Brogan.

Asked his opinion of the growing alienation of the American voter through television, Madison avenue campaigns and other manipulative techniques, Sir Denis said this was merely a symptom of a more basic problem.

"**WHAT WORRIES US** more," he said, "is the very scale of things in America. The small businessman, the small farmer are myths. Europe is consumed with fear of American domination. The computer is feared. Look at the scale of IBM. Did you know the Ford Motor Co. in Canada (legally separated from Detroit) had to turn down a deal with China—because of word from the United States?"

"I think this fear explains the popularity of De Gaulle. I don't like the way he says it, but the fact remains: He is the voice of Europe fighting for its identity, fighting off American domination."

American voters indeed may still believe in the efficacy of the rugged individual (Brogan years ago attacked the image of the lone Western hero: The pioneer spirit was a community spirit. The westward trek, from the Mayflower to the Union Pacific, was always a common effort, a team job) but informed foreigners like Brogan appear to have realized for some time how tenuous is the connection between the voter's ballot and national policy.

And so very few at the top, said Sir Denis, "really know what

STEELE'S GUARDIAN

In early 1713, Richard Steele, swashbuckling Irish soldier, playwright, journalist and dandy, sent word around London of a projected "noble entertainment for persons of refined taste." On March 12, he revealed this "entertainment"—a daily newspaper called The Guardian.

The Guardian was Steele's third newspaper venture. Like The Tatler and The Spectator that preceded it, The Guardian was a series of essays on the state of the nation, a journal of politics, religion, manners and morals.

The Guardian had a brief lifespan; the last issue appeared Oct. 1, 1713. Of the 176 numbers, Steele wrote 82; Joseph Addison, his chief collaborator, 46; and sundry contributions came from Alexander Pope, John Gay and Bishop Berkeley.

ALL CONTRIBUTORS wrote under the pen name Nestor Ironside, Esq. In the first issue, Ironside tells us he chose the title of Guardian because he views society as his ward. He vows to "protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly, and to disappoint the wicked and profane"—an ambitious undertaking for one describing himself as "an old man with one foot in the grave." But Ironside informs us that he has conquered ambition, lust, envy and revenge. We presume that, since his heart is pure, his strength is awesome. In short, Steele set Nestor Ironside as a Christian Hero: a knight armed with doctrine setting forth to help the weak and oppressed.

Yet experience had taught Steele that solemn moralizing seldom is effective. Shortly after leaving the army, he had written a long and sober treatise entitled, "The Christian Hero," which was judged not on its merits, but by its author, bibulous young Dick Steele. Smarting

—Continued on Page 8

Up Above the Diazoma

By Donald Murchie

"Elektra" overcomes notorious obstacles to effective outdoor opera: poor acoustics, inflexible sets, inadequate lighting, if, and it's crucial, one is seated below the diazoma. The Oct. 9 performance at the Hearst Greek theatre in Berkeley was as imaginative and technically polished as those at the Opera house. The wide, bare stage adapted itself perfectly to the few players' sweeping motions and scurrings-about. And the stage in shade rather than sunlight emphasized the sombre tone of the plot.

FOR SPECTATORS in upper seats, sun-blinded and generally out of earshot, the first half of the opera was almost meaningless. Thanks only to the play itself and to Strauss' score, the last half-hour—beginning with Orestes' entrance—penetrated the upper reaches of the amphitheatre. Arriving to aid his sister Elektra in avenging the death of their father, King Agememnon, Thomas Stewart plays Orestes with sinewy reserve. From the point of his stealing on stage to sustained trombone chords until just before the end of the opera, activity revolves around development of a single episode, referred to in Milton Cross parlance as, "the recognition scene." Discourse between Elektra and her brother progresses to some of Strauss' most elegant music and, for the distant spectator, to some comprehensible action.

There is little disputing Strauss' mastery of the orchestra or ability through harmonic nuance to describe stage personalities. In this lengthy scene, up to the entrance of the queen's lover Aegisthus, he probably comes closest to Wagner. One hears the older composer in Strauss' slow, soaring, melodic line and shimmering string writing.

WAGNER KNEW a good sound, however, and stuck with it, while Strauss too often spotted one sonority, then, like a lucre-crazed gambler, leaped recklessly toward greater and greater harmonic commitments. The exhausted listener is left far behind to probe the remnants of some earlier chord, as is the case in the early part of "Elektra" and, for that matter, most of Strauss' music, on and off stage. Those who worship Strauss will concede, we hope, that harmonic restlessness, overlapping cadences and vague tonal centers do not lend dramatic continuity.

While soft, and lower-pitched tones of orchestra and singers often were lost among airplanes above and barking dogs and sirens below, stronger passages

came through without that harshness so often resulting from over-projection outdoors. Amy Shuard, as Elektra, was clear even in her highest register. Stewart, Richard Cassilly as Aegisthus, and Regina Resnik as the haughty queen, comprised a powerful vocal team, none showing strain in the forte lines.

ELEKTRA'S MADNESS was depicted with keen understanding of the part and Strauss' score, her death dance, like the music, alternately martial and relaxed, frenzied and funereal. Madness need not have a single manifestation; the troubled mind sees a confusion of images and develops conflicting, tortured personalities. Calm moments mingle with outbursts which Miss Shuard's imaginative study brought out. Under her, Elektra's closing scene made the mad scenes of 19th century opera seem embarrassingly trite.

The greatest problem in the upper seats was visual. The amphitheatre is on a northeast-southwest axis, so that the audience faces directly into the sun throughout an afternoon performance. The shaded stage, so effective to viewers below, darkens the action for the majority. Sun visors and glasses offer only partial relief.

THAT THE SUCCESS of an outdoor production should depend on the location of the spectator more than the skill of the artist is ridiculous. Those near the orchestra, I can imagine, saw and heard what few Opera house efforts could match; the work appears to have been conceived by Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, librettist, for outdoor presentation. But we in the upper seats would have liked to know why the Hearst theatre was not built southeast-northwest, so neither players nor audience would suffer the sun. No doubt good engineering reasons exist. I'd be interested to hear them.



Brogan

Continued from Page 7— is going on. I suppose only LBJ himself actually knows everything."

By the same token, the British resent emotionally the resurgence of Germany, but intellectually their resentment goes beyond the result to the cause: America.

"You should have seen the fuss in London at the opening night of that movie about Von Braun, 'I Aim at the Stars.' One of the critics said later, 'He aimed at the stars, but he hit London.'" BROGAN TOUCHED upon his acquaintance with the Kennedy family, from "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald to the late president. He knew Joseph Kennedy, Sr. ("a

cold man, a natural bear in business and politics") during the latter's term as ambassador to London. But in John F. Kennedy Brogan seemed to touch a chord. During luncheon at the White House, Brogan and Kennedy harmonized on Irish ballads and political songs, of which Brogan knows every last verse. Later, they discussed the Bay of Pigs ("he asked for my advice about Cuba, but didn't take it") and less depressing subjects.

The interview was over. We rose from deep leather seats in the 150-year-old Peter Arno-like sitting room, left our coffee cups to a desiccated old servant in wing-tie and tails and walked down the formal marble staircase. Imagine that: Two and a half hours, and we hadn't mentioned Vietnam.

WILLEM VAN DEN BERG



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All the News

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET—

The agony of newspaper art critics is increasingly apparent, as glaringly pointed up earlier this month when *New York Times* critic John Canaday assayed the Sidney Janis Gallery's "Erotic Art Show" and succumbed to public pique. Canaday's distress was warranted. This Pop Art movement is not of his making; the Times merely was swept along when Jack Kerouac's beats became the first grass-roots cultural phenomenon nationally to catch on without Madison avenue.

Once the artists snatched cultural arbitrage from the publicists, they never let go. Now, it appears that as a product of New York enthusiasts' need to know what's "happening," Pop (a put-on art) was a set-up for erotica (or put-down art). Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Tom Wesselman and 17 other artists, some from England, France, Italy and South America, have "put down" the critics. They've challenged them on their weakest ground: the fear of being in bad taste.

In no conceivable way can critic Canaday review, for a paper whose priggish boast is "All the news, etc.," a show like the Janis'. His paper has not the vocabulary. Canaday dismissed Rivers' entry as a sensational bid for headlines, without describing it (a giant Negro sodomizing a crouching Rivers). Indeed, he could describe it no more than the majority of other entries, including a photo of a woman, naked below the waist, using a candy-striped dildo.

CIRCUMSPECTLY, CANADAY chose to defend untrammelled expression while complaining that the show was too much of a "good" thing. "Assembled as they are," he wrote, "these erotic excursions cannot be art for many people. In such concentration they are like scum that obscures whatever lies beneath it." They may be, but, as such, express the artists' contempt for the Fashion World that has presumed to make or break them.

Probably the truest comment

on the show (by unrepresented artist Herb Brown) was, "It's a vast deception, fantastically watered down." Put-down art is vast and more far-reaching, geographically, than what's shown at the Janis. Witness Jim Dine's London show, closed for obscenity. Dine, who costumed the defunct Workshop's Pop "Midsummer Night's Dream," described his collages of sexual organs as expressive of his release from puritanical America. Our London correspondent Michael Kernan feels that the closing hurt London's reputation as a "swinging city."

Before the show opened, Carroll Janis told me, "Erotic art is everywhere today; it began with Elvis' hip dance on television. It's obvious the whole idea has fresh feeling and must be viewed as affirmation of the personal in a world where forces have become impersonal."

Perhaps the most significant development is the New York police's ignoring the show. Two "civil and a little reticent" officers appeared, sniffed around and departed. The police may, finally (and wisely), have decided voluntarily to opt out (as the critics seem to have been forced out) of this age-old cat fight between the artists and those who would exploit them commercially. —S.C.P.

London pubs run on a schedule more complex than a Long Island timetable. Observing a rhythm dictated by a bluenose element in Parliament, in connivance with the barmen's union, they are open from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. daily, then closed, then reopened at 5:30 p.m., then closed for good around 11 p.m. Sundays the pattern changes, and the thirsty must catch drinks between 12 and 2 or 7 and 10 p.m.

Restaurants observe the same rules, and the early diner who asks for a glass of ale is made to feel that he has just attempted to subvert British morals. Parliament is considering a reform, but have found no one willing to bell the cat.

Steele's Guardian

Continued from Page 7—

with ridicule, Steele this time adopted the course of many another successful moralist: to sugar-coat the pill of instruction.

His new creation, Ironside, aged and dignified though he might be, took great pains to amuse, especially his young ladies. As a result, Ironside championed a strange sort of Christianity, one which paid great attention to trifling matters of the flesh. Dress was one of his passions: "There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can, but it is also a vice not to take care how you look."

STEELE'S REMARKS show him a moderate in sartorial matters, and he was a middle-of-the-roader in politics and religion. Somewhat Whiggish, however, in encouraging trade and manufacture, he occasionally sounds like the modern chamber of commerce "booster." But while Steele treated morality as a matter of clean shirt-fronts and high tariffs, his writings did England a real service.

A new manufacturing class was becoming more and more powerful. It had as examples of how to wield power only dissolute courtiers and corrupt squires. Steele's essays did much to civilize the English middle class, thus inculcating in the nation principles which have served it well in crises since the 18th century.

In our time, discussion of moral issues seems to occur only at extremes of the political spectrum. The right confuses morality with bigotry and property rights; the new left often considers it enough to flout middle-class taboos.

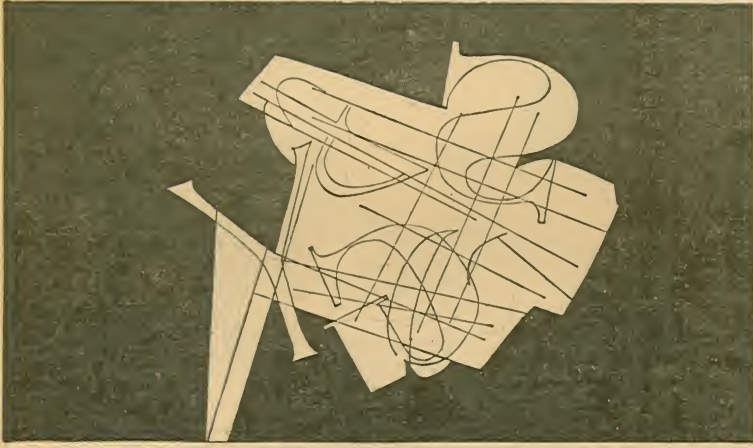
In its championing of public interests, the Bay Guardian will be concerned with moral issues and as Steele's Guardian showed us—this need not be dull.

—Alan Velie

A Vote For
REAGAN

Is a Vote For
Responsible Government

A NOVELIST TURNS TO CRIME



By Roger Henkle

Beneficiary of the most grandiose literary promotion of the last decade, Truman Capote declared that the age of the "journalistic novel" was at hand, that in a colorfully written piece of criminal reporting such as "In Cold Blood," journalism was venturing close to the novel. Bernard Malamud's latest novel, "The Fixer," supports Capote's point.

The fixer (a man who repairs furniture, etc.) is a Jew named

Yakov Bok, who, during political unrest in the last anarchic years of Tsarist Russia, is accused of brutally murdering a Russian boy to use his blood in making matzos. Doggedly refusing to confess a crime he did not commit, Bok is held in prison an excruciatingly long time while Russian authorities attempt to fabricate evidence against him. Meanwhile the Russian nation weighs a new series of bloody pogroms and the outcries of its intelligentsia against such superstition.

MALAMUD'S NOVEL is based on the actual case of Mendel Beiliss, who eventually released, lived to recount its horrors. Coincidentally, a book by Maurice Samuel (Knopf), entitled "Blood Accusation," the factual account of the Beiliss case, has just come out. I have not read the Samuel book; I just thought I had, because Malamud's novel is so dependent on the facts.

Admittedly, Malamud has not limited himself to retelling what is known about Mendel Beiliss. He has invented a fictional character, Yakov Bok, a plodding but honest and long-suffering Jewish peasant.

In his desire simply to reach a better life, to be left alone and maybe improve himself a little, and in his stubborn refusal to betray himself and his people, Bok is a symbol of the Jewish victim. Malamud, perhaps sensitive to past criticism that he (with several other Jewish novelists) clings parochially to the position that only Jews are sensitive and suffer, has denied that "The Fixer's" frankly symbolic hero represents only the Jews' plight. But the book's thrust, reiterated in almost every manner, is that

the Jewish people have been singled out, in each period of social malaise, for sacrifice. In Malamud's view of historical determinism:

It snows history, which means what happens to somebody starts in a web of events outside the personal. It starts of course before he gets there. We're all in history, that's sure, but some are more than others, Jews more than some.

And Yakov Bok, certainly, more than almost anyone else. For Bok's agonies and discomforts, as he is ground by the wheel of history, nearly make up the book. Malamud speeds through two brief chapters of background on Bok and his life before the arrest in laconic, nervous prose, as if he were impatient to reach the real business, the victim's humiliation. Consequently, Yakov Bok does not take on human dimensions; he acts on dimly articulated motives, seems shut off from fellow humans and thinks a few disoriented thoughts picked up from Spinoza.

Malamud obviously chose an intentionally inarticulate, common man, rather than an intellectual, for this symbolic role. He sacrificed, however, range and subtlety of emotional response that would have made clearer and more fascinatingly horrific his long description of Bok's interrogation and mental torture. As it is, we get the impression of countless hammer blows pounding a poor clod.

BOK'S PERSECUTORS continue trying to gather faked evidence—from a quisling Jewish fellow prisoner; from the lying whore who actually did the killing; from Bok's ex-employer's crippled daughter, whom Bok refused to sleep with; and from the bitter thieves and spies who seem to hound Bok's steps. The unstintingly malevolent prison officials and guards subject Bok to every conceivable indignity: half-eaten rats and roaches in his gruel, humiliating personal examinations, beatings, chains, the debasement of crawling on hands and knees across the prison yard to the infirmary. The graphic descriptions of indignities, filth, crudity and bestiality clearly be-

gins to run away from Malamud. Much is gratuitous, Malamud is mixing dung in his matzos.

The book settles down to the familiar twentieth century tale of a political prisoner's struggle to preserve mind and freedom while in the vice of a malicious and imperturbable despotic state. Even as this type of book, Malamud's book fails. First, as indicated, because Bok rarely comes alive, his only emotions are fear, causing him to tear his hair mentality for his father-in-law and wife (whom he was happy to be rid when leaving his village for Kiev). Second, Malamud's theory is that inexorable history is squashing this hero; with the turn of that history—in particular, revolution in Russia, which Malamud alludes to excitedly but never gives us a sense of—Yakov Bok will be spun loose from tyranny.

Malamud's determinism, incidentally, is pitched in great forks of conversation, most of which would fill *The New Yorker's* "Remarks We Doubt Ever Got Remarkable Department" for the year. The Investigating Magistrate—one of Yakov's few champions—remarks about a fellow official:

But he is not a fool, I assure you. He knows our history and is quite familiar with the law though not greatly responsive to its spirit. He surely knows that Alexander I, in 1817, and Nicholas I, in 1835, by official ukase prohibited blood libels against Jews living on Russian soil, although it is quite true that these libels have been revived within the last generation to provoke pogroms for political purposes.

Somehow one senses that these lines went right from Malamud's notes into the Magistrate's conversation.

If the novel has disconcerting flaws, if there is no character development, and if the action is at odds with its "theme," what, then, keeps the reader's attention? For, although impatient at times, one rarely is bored. It is the Mendel Beiliss case rather than Malamud. Although supplying dialogue and detail, the au-

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Grand Inquisitor In the Midlands

LONDON—Masked by the hoopla and uproar of musicals, revivals and star vehicles, an electrifying theater season is taking shape here this autumn.

Disturbing plays, hilarious plays, plays built around the news from America, plays that never will be judged commercial enough for Broadway—all are either on the boards or soon to open.

By far the most impressive is a probing parable of sex and religion, "Three Men for Colverton," by the most stimulating new playwright since Pinter.

David Cregan, hailed by the Times as a "new and puzzling talent," sends three evangelists into a mythical English redbrick town suffocating from spiritual and intellectual anoxia. One quickly realizes that the evangelists, despite their charming dialect and gaucheries, are the real thing. Their chief (played with great skill and strength by Melcolm Tierney) talks to God directly—and convincingly.

CREGAN PEOPLES his stage with characters at once idiosyncratic and archetypal: The grande dame who uses her considerable power to keep the village stagnant; the intellectual manqué who seduces schoolgirls in cornfields; a schoolmistress who crusades for a local art center ("for play readings, Shaw and Goldsmith, and a film society"); an ironmonger moved up to book-seller.

Sets revolve, sparks fly and the struggle for domination of Colverton begins. Many of Cregan's sparks fade into the dark without illuminating, but the wit, paradoxes and absurdities of the slim plot and dazzling dialogue keep the audience thoroughly hooked. The evangelists, one gentle, one wild-eyed and one boyishly timid, address us in turn,

to reveal their own spiritual agonies or exhort us against the sin of tolerance, and the leader shows us his vision of paradise near at hand, with white-clad villagers lyrically skipping in a Fellini-esque dance of the peaceable kingdom.

At last the head evangelist, obviously never having read *The Grand Inquisitor*, seeks a miracle for his credentials. He sends his assistants leaping to death from the church tower, demonstrating perhaps that power corrupts or that when the meek inherit the earth will be a bloody scene, indeed.

DIRECTOR DESMOND O'DONOVAN handles with ease the complexities of sets, crowds and pace and draws masterful performances from, particularly, Tierney, John Shepherd and Richard O'Callaghan as the evangelists, Margery Mason, Mary MacLeod and Peter Wyatt.

Americans never may see "Three Men for Colverton," but would do well to remember the name David Cregan. They will be hearing of him.

Preceding "Three Men . . ." at the Royal Court Theatre was a surprise hit by the National Youth Theatre, "Little Malcolm and his Struggle Against the Eunuchs." About a youth whose sexual fears make him power-oriented, it bombed in an earlier London production, but the vitality of the hip youth theater version gave it such drive that Beatle manager Brian Epstein wants to take it on the road.

Next at the Royal Court: Simone Signoret and Alec Guinness in "Macbeth," with three African Negroes playing the Witches.

Scheduled for production this month are "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer" and "The Silence of Lee Harvey Oswald." Still in the writing stage is a play about the 1962 Cuban crisis, commissioned for the National Theater by Kenneth Tynan, done by English playwright Roger Smith and American novelist Clancy Sigal.

ALSO ON THE SCENE is a shocker, Joe Orton's "Loot," making an entree after having

swooned in out-of-town tryouts nearly two years ago. The black comedy, dealing with homosexuality, incest, blasphemy, murder and a touch of necrophilia has been scrubbed up by the Lord Chamberlain, but still should not be seen on an empty stomach.

"Loot" faces the law of diminishing returns. These days, it is so hard to find an audience conventional enough to be scandalized that the Joe Ortons are forced into ever more *bizarries*.

Best bet for export to Broadway: "Jarrocks," a musical of a parvenue grocer who takes up riding to hounds.—M.K.

White English Black children

Continued from Page 4—high, which contained all city students in the three higher grades. A move to recall the board of education was in process, but was defeated overwhelmingly in April, 1965. In February, 1966, we began busing 230 Negro children to hill schools, with a small portion of our half-a-million dollars in Elementary and Secondary Education act—Title I funds. This "token" integration to reduce class size in ghetto schools was done with community consensus, and has been evaluated as highly successful.

These steps, however, are interim measures. Total integration is my goal. Hopefully, we shall bring this about through the educational park, where all city children of certain age groups and grade levels will go to school together in one large center shared by the community. Our School Master Plan committee is studying this possibility, and will pass its recommendations to the community for consideration.

But true equality in education includes the equal right to read. My first move in bringing this about was to double or triple time for reading, even at the expense of other subjects. We developed reading specialists, team teaching and non-graded programs. Whenever a community group asked me to speak,

I talked about reading. I went into the schools and taught reading, to emphasize the need, as did many fellow administrators.

Now, in Fall, 1966, we are broadening and deepening our reading emphasis, helped by the tax increase the schools won last June and in ghetto schools, by our half million in federal (ESEA) funds. We have reduced class size to 22, hired more teachers and specialists and established a library and teacher-librarian in every school. Our bookmobile, made possible by a foundation grant, draws up to the school gates. Teachers are making "home-made" readers out of children's experiences and words. Six buses facilitate field trips for ghetto children. School Resource Volunteers work with children one-to-one or one-to-three. Teachers are taking in-service courses and college seminars in reading. Every teacher, we say, must be a teacher of reading, no matter what his specialty.

Desegregation alone will not bring integration. The ghetto school must go but, pending that day, and beyond it, the ghetto child must have the right to learn to read as well and as happily as his "outside" fellows. This means the use of all methods that truly teach with, implicit in these, the teacher's skill, understanding and love.

ABAG Plans New Functions

By our regional affairs correspondent

Newell Case, a respected, conservative city councilman from Walnut Creek and a director of the Bay Area Rapid Transit District, told of a funny thing that happened to him.

Case had been invited recently to a meeting in Contra Costa County to discuss his work in the Association of Bay Area Governments, a voluntary regional society of city councilmen and county supervisors. To his surprise, Case said, he was roundly assailed as Communist, subversive and an underminer of the American way of life.

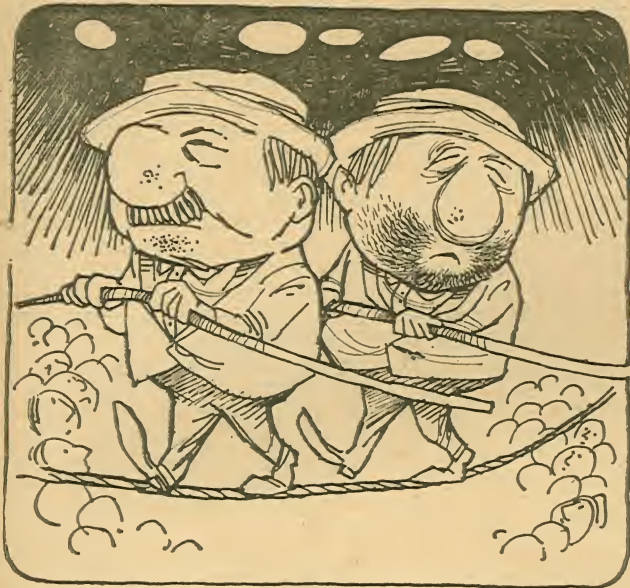
Why? Because to the patriots at the meeting, even so mild an organization as ABAG is equivalent to that super-evil in right wing demonology: metropolitan government.

CASE'S HECKLERS must be indignant indeed at the specter of ABAG wanting to transform itself into something akin to real regional government. But they can relax. Underneath the new proposal lies the same old ABAG, defending home rule with all the vigor of a Southerner defending states' rights.

An ABAG committee, called the Goals and Organization committee, or GO committee, proposed that the new ABAG deal with four regional problems: re-

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A Vote For
REAGAN
Is a Vote For
Responsible Government



DO THEY LOVE US, ED?

THEY WILL, IF WE FALL.

Liberals' FDR, Jr.

Continued from Page 5—

more District Attorney with old links to right-wingers and present links to county bosses, the Liberal party turned to its strategy of disapproval. The question was: how to defeat Democrat O'Connor and elect Republican Rockefeller. The Liberal party can support Republicans for mayor of New York City—as they did in the case of John Lindsay—but to date, they have not run a Republican as their own candidate for governor. They fear a revolt among their followers.

CASTING AROUND for a name to attract a large vote, and finding none within their own party, the Liberal leaders turned to the eager Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., whose name, although tarnished, still holds some magic in New York State.

Behind the choice of candidates the Liberal leaders approved, were other reasons.

Dubinsky, now 74, would like to leave with a bang the liberal scene he has long dominated.

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Dubinsky also would not mind seeing Rockefeller elected. He also gave the third party game away by lauding Rockefeller publicly as a good friend and as a good governor after the liberal party had named Roosevelt.

A further curious note must be added: Robert Kennedy's role. Roosevelt is a Kennedy man. He responded when JFK asked him to use the Roosevelt name to help win West Virginia. President Kennedy then rewarded Roosevelt. He took him out of political limbo and gave him a new start as Undersecretary of Commerce. Since Roosevelt's candidacy will probably help elect a Republican, why didn't Democrat Bob Kennedy ask Roosevelt to stay out.

KENNEDY'S OWN ambition may provide the answer. With a Republican in the governor's mansion, Kennedy will control the delegation to the Democratic Convention in 1968. Should O'Connor win, he would control the delegation. That is why President Johnson has campaigned personally for O'Connor in New York State.

In any case, with election day only several weeks away, the Liberal party maneuver has caused a sharp turn in fortune's wheel. Only a few weeks ago, if polls and other portents be true, Rockefeller seemed a sure loser. Almost any Democrat, the polls predicted, could win. Today the polls indicate that Rockefeller has the edge. The Liberal party has given it to him by running a candidate who is obnoxious to Liberals.

Banker Choy

Continued from Page 3—

and down the street, now, directing it. We see people on the corners telling people our president (Ronald W. Mitchell) absconded to Mexico. They call up the sweat shops . . ."

I ASKED Choy about the report that he encouraged the garment workers to organize. "I didn't tell the girls to organize but, when they ask me what to do, I said, 'The American way of life is to have a decent way of life; organizing, collective bargaining is the American way.' These poor people in Chinatown are helpless."

And how did Choy feel about the "conspiracy" against him? He smiled, "Well, now, it could go the other way. This is the first chance I have to expose these rascals. In our city, let the public be aware of things going on in Chinatown."

As I left, Choy shook my hand. "We liberals got to stick together," he said. "There're damn few of us."

—S.C.P.

A Novelist Turns to Crime

Continued from Page 9—

thor works within the Beiliss outlines, by his admission, and it is the horror of that injustice that makes the book at times gripping. Just as the Clutter family murders hold us to Capote's book. But, whereas Capote's book doesn't seem "a new kind of novel" because it offers no insight into human character and motivations, Malamud does give us insight into such things. Yet he gives less than we should expect and, to almost the same extent as Capote, he relies on the drama of the criminal event to hold his readers. There is simply a failure of imagination.

Bernard Malamud is one of the novelists whom we assess periodically. As with John Updike and Phillip Roth, we make frequent evaluations of him to see how he's doing: is he maturing, is he dealing with major themes, is he just the glib stylist, etc. Perhaps because so many reviews are written by academic people, it is almost like giving grades. This sort of procedure becomes increasingly offensive—Updike has gotten so many A minuses from reviewers that I think he deserves a transfer—and it has curious effects on the reviewers and on the novelists themselves. I have the nagging suspicion here, for instance, that Malamud may have whipped out "The Fixer" in order to close off the persistent complaint that he doesn't deal with themes on the Dostoyevskian level. Whatever his intentions, the book certainly gives the impression of being done hastily and often a bit carelessly. And I believe that the reason this has not been commented upon by more reviewers is because they know that they have a real talent here and hate to give him a low mark. In this case it would be deserved.

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ABAG: A Plan to Survive

Continued from Page 8—

gional planning, parks and recreation, refuse disposal and airports. Other regional powers would be left to existing special districts.

The ABAG general assembly, meeting on Nov. 4, will act on the proposal. If adopted, as seems unlikely, ABAG will try to find friendly legislators to introduce the package in Sacramento next year.

There is much wrong with the ABAG proposal. First is the fact that there are no direct elections to ABAG because all members are either county supervisors or city councilmen, with supervisors clearly holding the balance of power. This might be a sensible system for a voluntary association, but it is scarcely a democratic form for a regional government to take.

ABAG PROPOSALS partly follow the pioneering of T. J. Kent, deputy for development in the office of San Francisco Mayor Jack Shelley and a former city planning professor at the University of California. But Kent has always insisted on a regional government with power to tackle all truly regional problems with a directly elected governing

body. One or more delegates could be elected from each assembly district to assure generally fair apportionment.

The ABAG proposal, however, makes Sunnyvale as important as San Jose, Orinda as important as Oakland, St. Helena as important as San Francisco. Oakland has threatened to pull out of ABAG because of this unfairness to populous cities.

Even if it were desirable to create a regional government without elections, this government wouldn't be in keeping with the one-man, one-vote decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court. There has been no Supreme Court decision on this principle for local governments, but then it hasn't been asked to rule on this sort of proposal. This is a fatal weakness in the proposal.

Another weakness is its vagueness about assuming future powers. Obviously, a regional government with only four powers makes little sense, although it may be better than having four special districts. Eventually, the Bay area must face up to the necessity for a regional government strong enough to deal with

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Growing Up Maimed

By Beth Coffelt

A contretemps over "Night Games," Swedish entry to this year's (20th annual) San Francisco Film Festival, precipitated the pious Shirley Temple back to the never-never land of Ather-ton and sent up a burst of florid publicity for Mai Zetterling's fine film, premiering here Sunday night as the festival's sold-out feature.

Hopefully, Miss Temple's reign as cinematic chatelaine of the Bay area is over. Perhaps she can use the extra time to get her homework done, see a few good movies, that sort of thing.

Meanwhile, despite Miss Temple's resignation from the program committee over what she termed a film "in which pornography is used for profit," the 10-day oktoberfest of international films opened this week, again under the aegis of the S.F. Chamber of Commerce and the commendable remainder of its selection committee.

The public relations bureau last week treated the press to an advance screening of "Night Games" at the Presidio Theater, where it will begin a presumably endless run following the festival. (If any so-called pornography is used for profit, it hardly will disturb the management of this theater.)

CENTRAL CHARACTER in this fitful, mordant film is Irene (Ingrid Thulin), whose feverish sensuality paralyzes the gloomy manor inhabited by her 12-year-old son Jan (Jorgen Lindstrom); mad, ancient Aunt Astrid and a brace of lascivious retainers. Jan at 35 (Keve Hjelm) brings his fiancée Mariana (Lena Brundin) into this fetid mausoleum, and with her sleeping in his mother's bed, relives the flickering, fiercely aware world of his boyhood. Even at 35, Jan's reality is caught in the memory of his dead mother: Irene alternately had ignored or seduced her son, seducing him innocently because she knew no way to express love other than by awakening sexual energy. Her gross betrayal and death left Jan dispassionate and ominously languorous, the appalling wound inflicted in boyhood buried, but with it his ability to love or make love. Mariana, uncannily like Irene, loves him enough to endure, thus becoming his catalyst.

Miss Temple's specific objections to "Night Games" may remain locked in her head forever, but my guess would be they centered on the climactic episode, wherein Jan and Mariana, naked in spirit, sit on the floor amid drunken friends and wedding party debris and find one another, and salvation. The film's clarity and truth come through when Jan vomits the brandy he drank in despair. His disgust, his spasm of awakening, are transformed by the artistry of the film, which evokes our compassion on the highest level: It is true catharsis.

Reminiscent of the closing scene in Antonioni's "L'Avventura," this one in "Night Games" shows two people finding that love can begin with nakedness and shared compassion.

MISS ZETTERLING'S first film as a director burns images into the mind with scenes lit as if by lightning. Particularly effective were those with Jan and Aunt Astrid: For breakfast she paints faces on the eggs and

gives them characters before eating them; when Jan's mother is in Paris, she constructs a paper Paris and burns it. When Irene's death is announced by telegram, they drag an old chest into the cellar at midnight and drop it with funereal ritual into an open well. It contains Irene's shoes, her hairpiece, her perfume. Jan and Aunt Astrid, both poetic and mad, find sanity together in their hopeless world through absurd acting-out of unendurable fantasies.

"Night Games" also can be compared to Bergman, to Fellini; the high-contrast lighting, the collection of characters, the brooding, spiritual journey through hell into revelation. The symbolism at times is extravagant, such as Jan's decision to blow up the manor house representing an orgasm, but details of dialogue, characterization and flash-back technique were often brilliant and original.

It is sad for "Night Games" that in San Francisco it will be shown by a theater which will promote it similarly to "The Dirty Girls"; it is also sad that people will see this excellent film through the red mists of whatever desire they need to satiate.

ABAG's Dilemma

Continued from Page 10—

all regional problems; special districts such as this means a merger with the Bay Area Rapid Transit District and the Bay Area Air Pollution Control district. This will be no easy job, but it is no excuse for ignoring the problem.

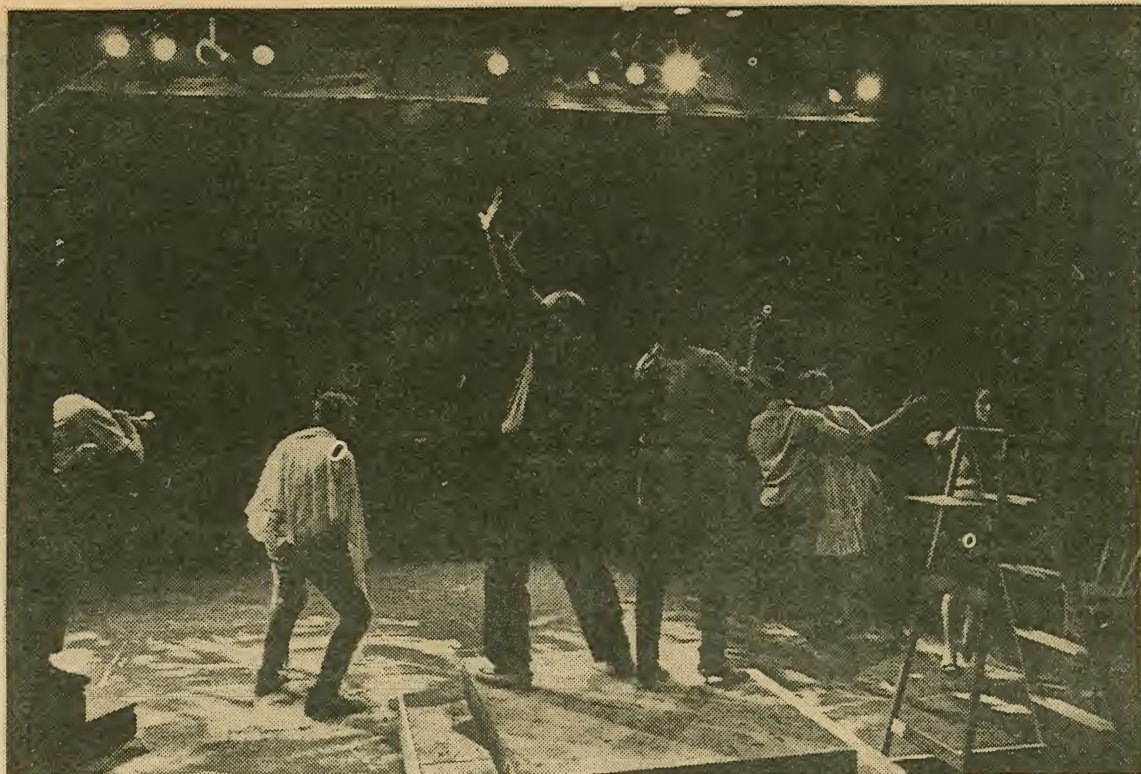
So the ABAG proposal has two major flaws—it's too little and it's too undemocratic. Why, then, was it so hastily trotted out of the GO Committee?

Committee members don't answer that question. They were in such a hurry to recommend something that they shut the public out of their deliberations and drew up the proposals during a weekend retreat in San Jose that was closed to all but committee members and their consultant, Victor Jones, University of California political science professor.

THE ANSWER to ABAG's haste is that the organization feels threatened by the legislature and its directives to three regional planning agencies—the Bay Conservation and Development Commission, the Bay Area Transportation Study Commission and the Bay-Delta Water Quality Control Program — to recommend government machinery to carry out their plans. The BCD, in particular, has taken a no-nonsense attitude in considering the political means to keep local governments and developers from further filling. All this has put the prod to ABAG as nothing else could.

A mild form of regional government, elevating the principles of home rule to a new level, may keep the state from creating the tough, effective regional government that many ABAG constituents fear. This is ABAG's strategy.

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Tough Act to Follow

By Donald Babcock

The protracted and well-publicized agonies of the Actors Workshop, followed by the adventitious appearance in Palo Alto of the American Conservatory Theater (ACT), created the spotlighted crisis San Franciscans traditionally require for decisionmaking. The resulting half-season of ACT performances, probably will be as exciting as touted but its visual brilliance may obscure more sensitive but less flashy performances by long-standing local companies.

Ball and his directors have disciplined touch able to control the action of a scene so that verbally, visually and emotionally it peaks at the same moment. Distracting visual effects, which often threatened the continuity of the best Workshop scenes, seldom appear in ACT productions. (A notable exception is Ball's "Tiny Alice." Apparently one of the few products to be carried over from the summer season, it is replete with attractive but gratuitous gimmicks.)

An example of ACT's artistry is its faultless, much-acclaimed production of Samuel Beckett's "Endgame." Directed by Edward Call, the play is one act, an hour-and-a-half long. I saw it after three-and-a-half-hour "Uncle Vanya," and even so was completely engrossed. The opening scene demonstrates the brilliance of which ACT is capable. Where Beckett's stage directions describe merely the outline of a room, ACT designer Stuart Wurtzel created a half-size set; bright light and lurid, decaying colors emphasized the room's smallness in relation to the darkened proscenium opening, producing a sense of inescapable closeness essential to the play's action.

ACT's MAGNIFICENT SENSE of scene flared again in the final moments of Pirendello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," where Byron Ringland combined tableau and swinging lights to achieve a breathtaking climax. (After effects like these, one wishes ACT would imitate San Francisco State in leaving us with the achievement, and omit the grossly anti-climactic curtain calls.)

Technical proficiency can be dangerous when used for immediate effect rather than overall impression; too easily it degenerates into manipulation. Most of the direction in "Six Characters..." was little more than manipulation, though partially atoned for in the final minutes. Since the play's impact depends on awareness that those playing actors are actors, the least attentive

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Stunning tableaux—from "Six Characters in Search of an Author"—ended ACT's search for a City

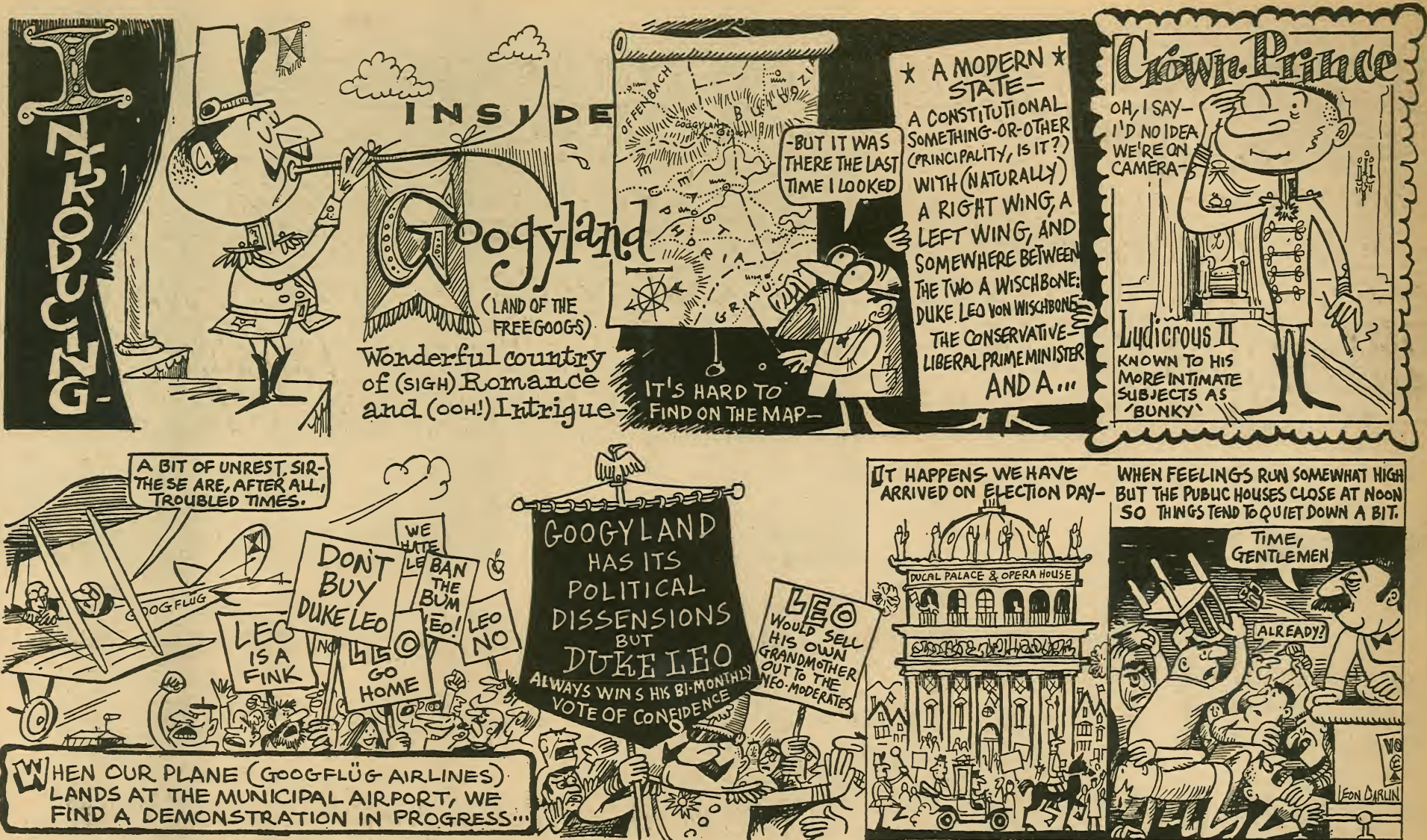


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A Tough Act to Follow

Continued from Page 11—

spectator is conscious of the production's theatricality; contrived ensemble effects which disrupt the skeletal plot diminish the drama of Pirandello's illusion/reality juxtaposition.

Mr. Ringland may feel that a powerful image is made by the family around a symbolic ladder or on a dais. But it also undercuts the family's appeal: that they have their own reality. Overall, the effect is to reduce the play's potential.

Now that ACT is on the scene,

the Workshop's death appears not to have been in vain. My fear is that audiences will be spoiled. ACT's capacity for creating intense theater moments is unequalled. Once we are exposed to such stimulants, less forceful productions by lesser companies are going to pale. Many good companies survived last spring's rash of theatrical failures, and are capable of productions as notable as ACT's. Their success or failure are a far better sounding of our area's cultural depth than ACT's plunge at the Geary.

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